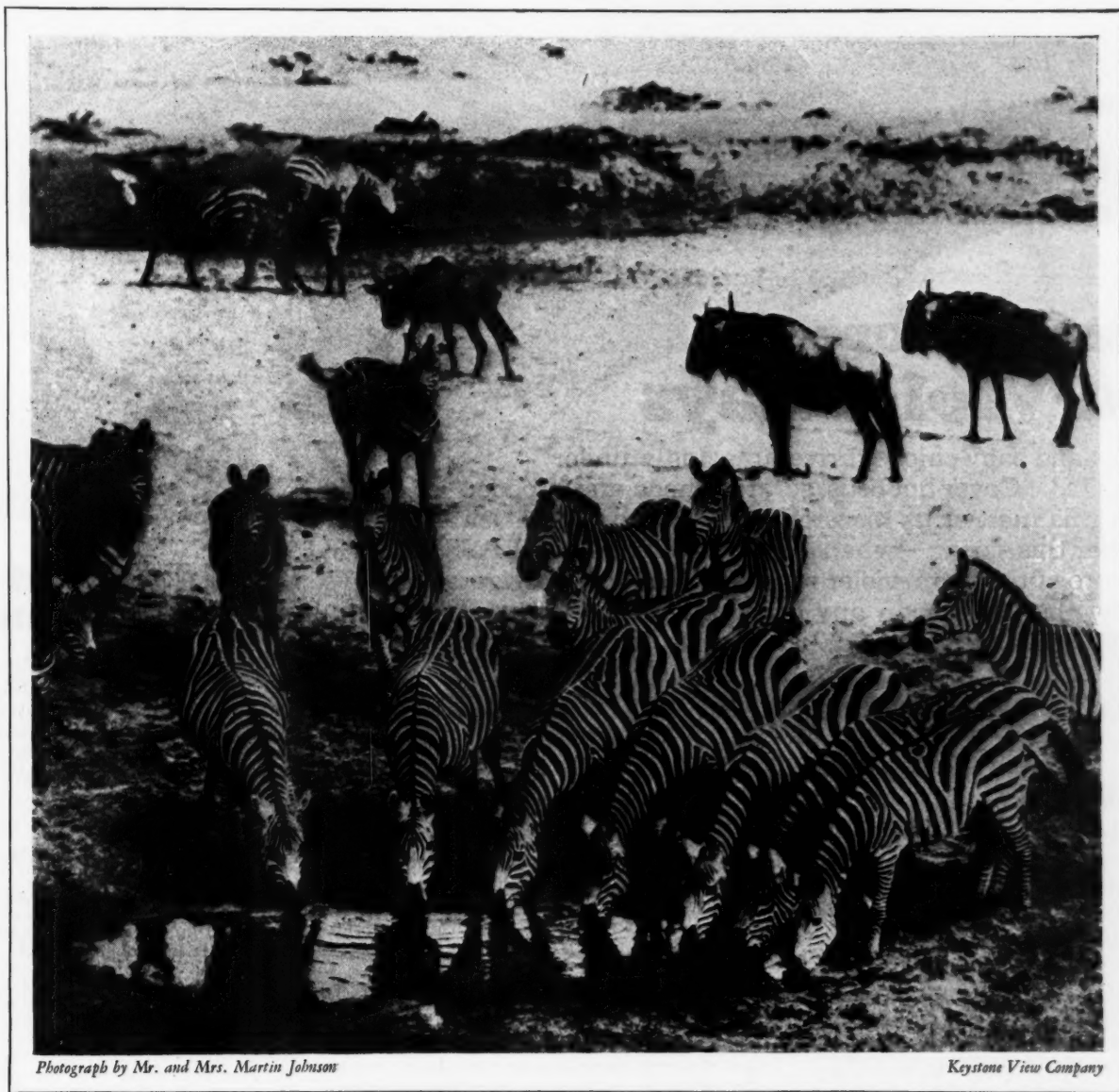


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

—HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

FEBRUARY 11



Photograph by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson

Keystone View Company

ZEBRAS AND GNUS AT A WATER HOLE

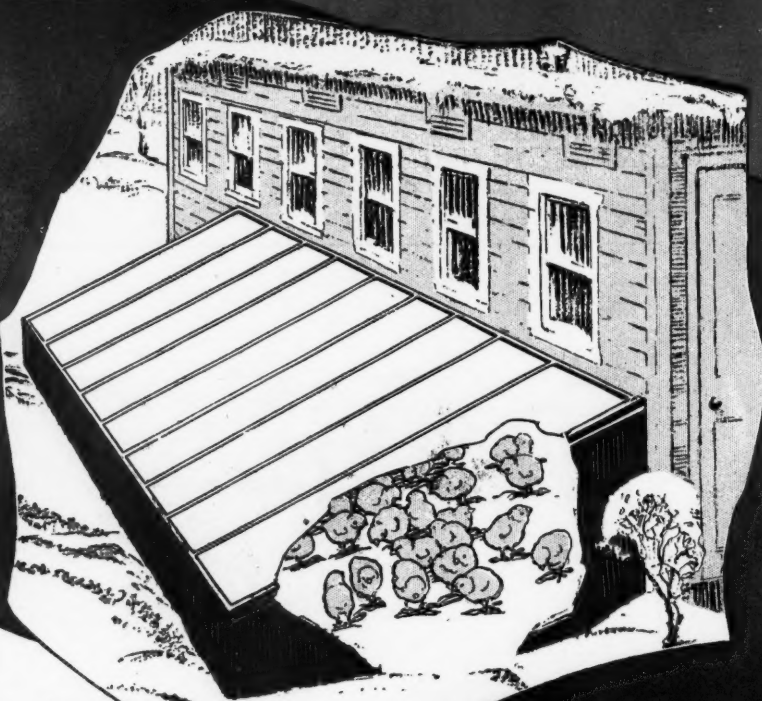
In this Issue • LOST FROM THE FLEET, Chapter 1, by GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND
Stories by C. A. Stephens, Ruth and Robert Osborne and G. H. Gillham
Hunting in Africa with Bow and Arrow, by E. W. FRENTZ
Announcement of the first Y. C. LAB Election

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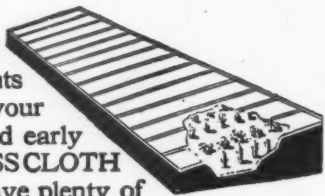


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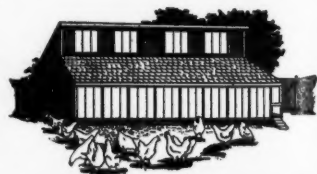
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 6



Ever on, on farther into the ice pack,
the Invincible slogged her way

A Story of Heroic Adventure

CHAPTER I TO THE ICE

DRAWINGS BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON

Lost From The Fleet

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

BOOMING whistles blurred the fog of that raw March daybreak. Sirens shrieked through the cold. Watchers cheered lustily from snow-blanketed wharves, from icy fish-rooms, from the decks and rigging of other steamers of the sealing fleet, as Borden & Company's staunch old wooden sealer, Invincible, crushed her way out through the harbor ice of St. John's, Newfoundland.

Her crew of a hundred and sixty sealers lined her long black rail and crowded her fore-castle-head, waving caps, giving back cheer for cheer, even as the Invincible's siren screamed in answer to the farewell tumult. Then, with thick smoke bellying from her funnel and with old Cap'n Adam Sharp a dominant, fur-coated figure on her bridge, far aft, she swept under the gigantic, snow-sheeted cliffs flanking the Narrows.

Out past Cabot Tower and the lighthouse she foamed; out and away into the open Atlantic.

"Starb'd!" rang the shout of the "scunner," or lookout man, from the barrel on the foretopmast. "Starb'd!" echoed the bridge master, passing the order to the four husky common hands on the quarterdeck. "Starb'd!" roared those four, as they wrenched over the heavy, double wheel. Chains rattled, rudder swung. Then with a trampling of racked old engines the battered, dingy but brave steamer—nearly half a century old—turned her iron-sheathed prow of greenheart oak toward the nor'-nor'east. Boldly she set her course for the ice fields, upon whose infinite expanses of peril lay somewhere "the patch," the mighty herd of harp seals and of hoods.

Bob Richardson—"Shrewb," as his nickname was in Boston—leaned over the rail, watching the grim cliffs fade in the smother. Bob felt a little cold, more than a little lonesome. Only an hour before he had left the comfort of the Crosbie Hotel and had come aboard with suitcase and nonny-bag.

And at sixteen it is disconcerting to find one's self with no companion and no friend, nearly a thousand miles from home and headed for the Arctic ice, to be gone heaven alone knows how long.

Now that Bob was really started for the seal hunt, it all looked very different from what he had imagined when he had so eagerly jumped at the chance to go. But he had no intention of showing the white feather. He buttoned his heavy gray reefer up about his neck, pulled down his fur cap and affected an air of supreme indifference as the last of the headlands melted into the smokelike fog.

Thud-thud-thud, pounded the ancient engines of no more than sixty horsepower. Swish-swash, the icy slate-gray surges leaped along the oaken sides. A phantom in a world of unreality, her topmasts fading aloft in the smother, the steamer drove ahead. From mast, from bridge, from wheel echoed cries. A few gulls screamed mournfully, then vanished.

THE voyage into the unknown had begun. "Marnin', sir," suddenly remarked a good-natured-seeming seaman, leaning an elbow on the bulwark, near Bob.

"Oh, good morning."
"Where'm you from?"
"Boston."

The seaman nodded approval. A huge fellow he was, well over six feet tall, with sweeping white moustache, mild blue eyes, a ruddy face. His black gansey, or sweater, revealed powerful shoulders. He wore a sou'wester, a pair of yellow oilskin trousers and Eskimo skin-boots—the sealer's usual footgear.

"Boston," he said. "Dere'm a wonderful fine place. I was dere, once, on a Gloucester

schooner. But *you'm* no swiler [sealer]. How you come along o' we?"

"Oh, just for the trip," said Bob. "My father does business with Borden & Company, and they offered to let me go. I'm ahead of my class at school, anyhow, so dad sent me along."

"When you come abird?"

"Aboard? This morning, early."

"T'ought I didn't see ye last night, in de cabin. Dat'm where I bunk, aft. I knowed you'm no stowaway."

"Hardly!"

"We'm always got some, dough. Ain't no luck, widout at least one. I'm 'Chips,' abird dis un."

"'Chips?'"

"Ship's carpenter, dat is. Got a bert', yet?"

"Berth? No. Everything's been all so mixed up—"

"Yes, sir. But you'm'll be all rate. If you'm ain't got no bert', I'll fix ye one, meself."

"Oh, thanks. Is it always foggy like this, up here?"

"Times, 'tis. An' den, times, it'll be wonderf'ul sunny. Got ice-goggles?"

"Yes. I've heard about looking out for ice blindness."

Chips nodded approval.

"Wonderf'ul racket, swilin' is," he affirmed stroking his moustache with a tattooed hand. "You'm'll like un, fine. Well, if—"

He was interrupted by the boatswain—a square-built man in canvas jacket and huge sea-boots—coming along and asking him to help build a "pound" for coal on the port quarter.

"See ye later, sir," promised Chips, departing. "I got a b'y o' me own, abird de Huntress. Anyt'ing ye want, come to me."

"Thanks, ever so much." And Bob looked

after him as he and the boatswain pushed away through the crowd of men on the rough-planked deck. Then, as Bob once turned and peered out into the all-enwrapping fog, he felt more cheerful. Here, at any event, was one good friend. Till now, amid all the bustle and confusion of taking stores aboard, of casting off, of departure, no one had done more than stare at him curiously, even—he thought—with a little hostility.

But now—well, it was good to have a friend!

Bob found inside the next twenty-four hours that he had many friends. He discovered that diffidence, not ill-feeling, made the sealers silent with him. Once they understood who he was and how he happened to have come aboard, they warmed with real though shy cordiality.

Chips, true to the promise, built him a bunk in a tiny cubbyhole place off the cabin below-decks; for the Invincible was crowded everywhere much beyond capacity. Chips got the storekeeper to give him a mattress and blankets. The mattress was about as hard as the boards of the bunk itself, but it looked reasonably clean, and the blankets were warm.

TRUE, Chips and two of the "master-watches," or gang bosses, were quartered in this cubbyhole; so that, counting Bob, four persons had to sleep in an unventilated place labeled: "Certified to Accommodate One Seaman." True, a lamp was always kept burning in the cubbyhole, making the air even more stifling. True again, water, mingled with coal dust, dripped through cracks in the deck, on Bob's bunk. But Chips helped him rig up a piece of tarpaulin to catch the drip and to drain it into empty tobacco tins hung by cords. So, all things considered, Bob's quarters weren't completely impossible.

Before the end of the first day Bob had snuck up acquaintance with nearly every-

body who bunked aft—master-watches, second officer, stewards, engineers, Marconi man, doctor and after-cook. Cap'n Adam Sharp he already knew, from having met him in Borden & Company's office. A rare old sea dog the cap'n was, too; grizzled, ruddy, powerfully-built and every inch an "ice-master." His years numbered seventy, yet he could still go aloft to the barrel, as spry and surefooted as any boy. For fifty years he had never missed a spring at the ice. And never, since he had been master of a ship, had he failed to bring in splendid trips of seals. He was, in short, the kind of man the Newfoundlanders call "a jowler."

Bob liked the cap'n, and he liked the cabin, too. This snug little place, down below-decks aft, met all his fancies of just what a sealer's cabin should be. Its little red-hot stove at the end of the room, under a shelf surmounted by a triple, beveled mirror; the teapots always simmering on the stove; the oilcloth-covered table under the skylight; the many little rooms opening off, all about the cabin—these reminded Bob of things he had read about in books but never till now seen. The fact that the old ship had been built long ago in Scotland, and that she had been twice to the Antarctic, with famous explorers, added to the boy's interest.

"This is going to be great fun, when I get used to it," said Bob to old man Chips, that night after supper—which everybody called tea.

"You're right," agreed the carpenter, stretched out in his bunk under the light of the old brass lamp that swung in gimbals in the cubbyhole. "You're goin' to be great feller fer swiles, when you're used to it. But you ain't de only youngster abird dis un." And Chips vigorously puffed his pipe.

"Youngster?" demanded Bob, none too well pleased. He looked all of eighteen, and hated to be taken for less.

"Oh, I don't mean y'r age," explained Chips. "Dere'm youngsters, all ages. Anybody what'm never been to de ice before, he'm a youngster. An' we'm got two, clear o' you. Two stowaways, forrard. Dey'm helpin' de firemen, keepin' de to'gal'nhouse clean, bringin' grub, an' like o' dat. So we'm goin' to have good luck. Fine trip o' swiles, I'm sayin'!"

"Hope so," said Bob. And, though he still felt himself infinitely far from home, out there in the fog and cold of the Atlantic, northward bound, he thrilled a bit, for he was aware that he was undertaking an adventure such as no boy that he had known or heard of had tried.

THE next morning—a day of thinning fog but sharply increasing cold—the old Invincible struck the heavy ice at about five bells of the morning watch; that is, as landsmen reckon, half past six.

For some hours she had been ploughing through "slob" ice, great rounded cakes of loose stuff that with a thump and splash went wallowing away as the bluff shoulders of the ship thrust them aside. Bob, fortified by a good sleep in spite of the hardness of the bunk and the fact that he couldn't undress, managed to get a lick-and-promise sort of wash, followed by a "mug-up" of tea and buttered toast. Seal-hunters are forever consuming tea and toast. Whether aft in the cabin, whether in the galley, or forward and below-decks in the "dungeon," the teapot and the toasting-fork are rarely idle aboard a sealer.

As Bob came out of his little cubbyhole into the main cabin he saw what seemed to him a strange sight—a master-watch, a Herculean great fellow, hairy and tattooed, kneeling in front of the little stove with a slice of bread on a fork. The master-watch neatly browned his bread at the open stove door, then got up and buttered it in the pantry. One would as soon have expected a pirate to indulge in lemonade!

Bob followed the master-watch's example, and felt mightily revived. Up on deck he clambered then, up the steep little cabin-companion stairs, and out on deck in the

reddening daybreak. The ship, now on her second day out, was settling down into the regular routine of the life she was for several weeks to follow. Cheerily the helmsmen's chorus answered the ringing cries of scunner and bridge-master. A gang of "ash-cats" were hoisting ashes from the stokehold up the starboard ventilator and dumping them, hissing, overboard. In the aft galley the cooks were busy with their coppers and their potato-peeling. At the forward galley, whose stove pipe smoked cheerily in the frosty air, the smoke curling up into the rigging all glittering with frost,—sealers were gathered with kettles and pans.

"Fish an' brewis! How many, youse?" the cook was asking in a kind of rhymed chant as he ladled out the cod and boiled haddock. One man came along the deck, a bowl of butter in his hand. Cheerily he smiled at Bob.

"Got my whack fer dis week, anyhow!" he exulted; and Bob smiled back at him.

Up on the barricade, or fore-castle-head, a little knot of men had already gathered, as if they hoped so soon to spy the longed-for herd of seals. Bob joined them, going up the steep port ladder, round the foot of which stood "lassie-punchcons," or kegs of molasses, and barrels of oil. Beside the forward winch a couple of men were hard at work sharpening sheath knives on a primitive little grindstone—forcible reminder that the hunt would soon begin.

On a platform made of poles a couple of dozen dories lay nested, upside-down. In case the Invincible should get nipped in the ice and sunk, or should catch fire and burn, these would give means of escape. Quantities of rough-hewn oars were stacked among the dories, together with many stabber-poles, to be used in shoving ice pans aside if they should jam. Aboard a sealing steamer, nothing is left to chance that can be provided for.

Bob walked forward on the barricade, up

into the very eyes of the ship, and joined the little group there. Shy and uncommunicative though they were, he managed to enter into talk with them.

"We'm gettin' into de ice now, sir," one bearded fellow volunteered, between puffs of a clay cutty. "Heavy stuff now, pretty soon."

"And then, the seals?" asked Bob, holding to the white-painted iron rail; for the shocks of the steamer against some of the slob pans made her wrench and quiver.

"If wishin' 'd do it, us'd be into de white-coat fat, now. But dere'm no tellin'."

"The white-coat fat?"

"De swiles, sir. Dat what us call un, de fat. An' white-coats, dem de young uns."

"Better fat dan de old harps an' hoods, sir," added another.

Bob nodded comprehension. He understood that the Atlantic seals are hunted not for their fur but for the rich fat on their pelts—fat manufactured into choice soaps, perfumes and lubricating oil. The skins, too, make high-grade leather; but the chief value lies in the fat.

"Us'll be into de patch soon, sir," said the first speaker.

Bob wished the men wouldn't all address him as "sir." He looked at them and saw among them a boy certainly not as old as himself, thinly dressed and—except for a well-worn pair of skin-boots—ill-equipped for sealing.

"That must be one of the stowaways," he thought. Everybody meanwhile studied Bob with disconcerting attention. That an American boy should come all the way from Boston to go sealing, should leave a country they considered a land of almost mythical ease and comfort, and should thus go to the ice, passed their comprehension. In low tones they talked together, looking like unshaven, huge-booted buccaneers; but at heart they were the simplest, kindest, most diffident of men.

"You'm no swiler. How you come along o' we?" "Oh, just for the trip," said Bob



THERE was too much going on under the bows, however, for Bob to lose much time in watching the men. He leaned over the rail, with the keen wind tugging at his reefer—a wind that none of the others seemed to mind in the least. The ice, he saw, was growing heavier. More and more slowly the stout old ship penetrated it, with shakes and shudders, with crashings and grindings that would have crushed in ordinary iron plates. Blood-red, the sun was scattering the fog; and as it thinned, Bob could see what looked like a solid barrier stretched white-gleaming, forbidding, impassable over the whole sea ahead.

But if he expected the scunner to shift the course, he was vastly mistaken. No; right on and on into the ice barrier the Invincible drove. And presently she was splitting the solid floes, some an acre or two in extent, some the size of a small farm.

"Jimminy, but this is great!" Bob rejoiced, as the ship crashed into the floes, rode up on them, crushed them down. Swift fissures opened up, ran booming far ahead in long, snaky lines, disclosing olive water that seethed up with a boiling of loose ice. Into these widening cracks and across open bays into solid ice again the scunner directed the ship, while Cap'n Sharp paced the canvas-shielded bridge. And ever on, on farther into the pack, the Invincible slogged her way.

Now and again the scunner's hail would echo to the bridge-master:

"Stop 'er! Easy astern! Full speed ahead!"

The telegraph would jangle, far below in the engine room, audible up the open scuttle. The engines would thump into straining effort. Then with a thunderous shock and shiver the ironclad prow would buck the floes and shatter them.

Because Bob knew so little of what sights were yet in store for him he felt that this battle with the Arctic ice pack which had come down on the vast current from Greenland and the Labrador was the most thrilling spectacle possible to imagine.

"Say, but this is great!" he exclaimed, gripping the iron rail with mittened hands to keep from being hurled overboard as the lunging, charging ship reared up and crunched and fell. He had forgotten the cold and wind. Nothing mattered now but the magnificent, high-hummocked ice plain, with its wondrous tints of rose and azure in the morning sun; just that and the harsh battling of the Invincible on her quest for the great herd.

"Dis ain't much, yet," said one of the sealers. "Wait till you see de ice we'm got to blow up wid blasts!"

"Blasts? You have to blast it?" "Yes, sir. Sometimes. Us got twenty cans o' gunpowder abird. When us gets dat goin', you'll see somethin'!"

The clangor of the breakfast bell, from aft, broke off Bob's observations. Down in the cabin again, sandwiched in on a hard bench between the boatswain and Chips, he gladly devoured lobster—scouse—a heavy meat stew—and boiled potatoes, with bread and jam and tea. He said nothing but listened much, tried hard to follow the strange sea lingo of the cap'n and the others, and now and then when the ship struck some extra-heavy "knot," steadied his plate and mug.

The roar of the little red-hot stove, the steersmen's cries and the tapping of their boots on the deck above, the ruddy sunlight now pouring through the cabin skylight—all made the situation cheery. Bob felt that breakfast on a sealing steamer was something delectable beyond words.

Breakfast, however, was destined never to be finished.

For when it was hardly half done, Bob heard a shout on deck. Feet ran. Somebody came tumbling down the companion. The door slammed inward. A man, wild with excitement, shouted:

"White-coats! Dem bawlin' everywhere. White-coats!"

And on the instant, pandemonium broke loose.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

President Lincoln's Beaver Robe

By C. A. STEPHENS

DRAWN BY
HAROLD SICHEL



Mr. Lincoln was in earnest to learn all I knew of the Missouri

IN August, 1859, shortly before he was nominated for the Presidency, Abraham Lincoln made a trip by steamboat from Leavenworth to Council Bluffs. The captain of the steamboat, Joseph La Barge, has given the following interesting narrative of the trip:

"I didn't know Mr. Lincoln then, but had heard about his debates with Senator Douglas and his antislavery speeches. I was a proslavery man at that time, and owned a few negroes myself. So I thought Lincoln was wrong and disliked him, but I went to meet him and his party when they came aboard.

"He introduced himself. 'My name is Abe Lincoln,' he said, and he mentioned the names of his fellow travelers. They wanted to go up to Council Bluffs, and I had the clerk look to their staterooms.

"At first sight I thought Lincoln was the homeliest man I ever saw, and the tallest. A man six feet, three looks tall, anyhow, and the very high old silk hat that Lincoln wore made him look taller still. He had to stoop at every door he went through. I wondered why he wore that hat. On the Missouri few men wore silk hats in those days. Pretty soon I understood the reason for the eccentricity. That hat was his valise. He had all his papers in it and many of his other things. When he wanted anything, like his bandana handkerchief, or his notes, he took off his hat in such a way as not to spill the contents, picked out what he needed, then swung it back on his head again. He was lean and rather slender. His rusty black coat looked much too large round for him, but the arms were too short and made his cuffs very conspicuous. I thought at first he must be in poor health, he was so sallow and wrinkled; but he was remarkably quick in his movements and a fast walker. You forgot his looks, however, after you had talked with him a few minutes.

"The boat had hardly more than cast off and started on its way up the river when he came up to the pilot house and asked if he might come in and sit awhile. He appeared to see everything on the boat and along the shores. I soon found that, if I told him all he wanted to know about the Missouri River, I wouldn't do anything else that trip. It wasn't idle talk that he wanted. He was in earnest to learn all I knew of the Missouri. He asked about the water in summer, the shiftings of the channel, the snags, the ice and the ice gorges, how far above Fort Benton I had ever been, and about the Yellowstone River.

"But most of all and particularly he inquired about the Indians along the upper river, the Blackfeet, the Arikarees, the Mandans and the Crows. He was very desirous to know all I could tell him about their personal characteristics, their chiefs, what power the chiefs had, also their food in summer and winter, and especially how I thought they would be able to live after the whites had destroyed the great herds of buffalo. He seemed to foresee just what would happen when the buffalo were gone. 'We shall have to feed them,' he said. 'And we ought to do so,' he added judiciously. 'We are taking their food from them as well as their country.'

"The buffalo herds interested him greatly. He asked particularly how much smaller the herds seemed to be than when I first went up the Missouri, in 1833, and whether I thought they would hold out fifty years longer.

"I told him not twenty-five.

"He regarded me thoughtfully for some moments. 'What do you think of the American Fur Company?' he asked me at last.

"I replied that for downright selfishness and hard dealings with Indians and whites alike there had probably never been its equal on this continent.

"Mr. Lincoln smiled.

"And the Indian agents whom the government sends out here, to take charge of the annuities paid to these different tribes, what of them? Do you know many of them?"

"I know nearly all of them," I said.

"What kind of men are they?"

"Mostly rascals. Whenever there's a politician who has to be rewarded, but is too great a rascal to be given an office in any civilized place, they get rid of him, at Wash-

ington, by sending him out here as an Indian agent," I replied. I added that nearly all the trouble we had ever had with the Indians was due to unfair and dishonest treatment on the part of the fur company or our Indian agents.

"This ought all to be righted," Mr. Lincoln said. "It must be righted. If it is ever in my power, it shall be righted."

"Before he left the boat at Council Bluffs he came and thanked me for the information I had given him. 'About those buffalo,' he said. 'Twenty-five years, you think, will see the last of them?'

"Yes sir," I replied. 'At the rate they are going now.'

"He put his hand on my shoulder. 'La Barge,' he said, 'if it comes handy I wish you would get me a fine buffalo robe—for a keepsake.'

"I will try to get you a good one and send it to you," said I.

"We shook hands at parting. I had quite changed my mind about the man; and I went to hear him speak at the town hall that evening; for the Council Bluffs people had persuaded him to make a speech there before taking the train for home.

"His subject was the negro and the nation. He could hardly have chosen a more unpopular one. When he first began to talk I was disgusted and started to go out, but concluded to sit down again and hear what he had to say.

"He used very plain, candid language without any attempt at oratory. He apologized first for presenting his views. 'But this is something you will soon have to face,' he said. 'A national crisis is coming.'

"I do not remember his exact language. I

did not much care to listen at first. I did not agree with him at all. But he went on to show from history and from moral law that no nation could become great or long endure which oppressed a large class of its population, like the negroes, or refused to give them legal rights.

"He made his point. There wasn't much applause. But I could see that the audience felt the effectiveness of his argument. He did not convince me at the time. But he shook my belief in slavery as it had never been shaken before. I remember going back to my boat, thinking that possibly he might be right, after all.

"I was disappointed when they elected him President. I expected to lose my negroes—and I did. All through the Civil War I felt very sore over the turn affairs had taken. I tried to do business and make my trips up and down the river, as a public carrier; but I had a great deal of trouble. First the Federals took possession of my steamboat, then the Confederates. Time and again I was under arrest and my life was in danger. I lost money. Transportation services, rendered the government on both sides, went unpaid. The Federal authorities owed me twenty thousand dollars, but when I sent in my claim Secretary Chase, to whom it was referred, replied that I was a Secessionist and must expect to suffer with the rest. Those were hard years for me.

"BUT I didn't forget that buffalo robe. It wasn't easy then to get one as good as I wished for the President. Twice I succeeded, but the first one was spoiled in tanning; and guerillas who ransacked my boat at Sibley stole the other.

"At last Crooked Elbow, a Crow chief whom I had befriended, gave me ten beaver pelts, the handsomest skins I ever saw. I determined to redeem my promise by making those skins into a robe for the President. I was short of money. Doctor Burleigh of Yankton and Mr. Charles Galpin, who were about to visit Washington, shared with me the expense of having the skins prepared and the robe richly lined and embroidered.

"In January, 1863, Doctor Burleigh, Galpin and I went to Washington and called at the White House on the second evening after our arrival. Several Congressmen and two Union major generals were there in advance of us; but when we sent in our names the President's private secretary came and showed us to a smaller room, apart from the others.

"After a long while the President came in. He looked older and careworn. I did not suppose he would remember me. But he grasped my hand at once, exclaiming, 'How are you, La Barge?' and went on to say how well he recalled our talks in the pilot house of the Emilie.

"How are the Indians, these days?' he asked. 'How are the buffalo? And, La Barge, where's that buffalo robe you were going to get me?'

"I told him of the fate of the first two and then of the ten beaver skins, from the Crow chief, and what we had done with them.

"Doctor Burleigh, who had the robe folded across his arm, all ready, asked Mr. Lincoln to stand up and when he rose threw it about his shoulders. It came nearly down to his feet and made him look taller than ever. To this day I recollect the broad, genial smile that overspread his homely features as he felt the soft fur. Then—having Crooked Elbow in mind, I suppose—he folded the robe about him, Indian fashion, danced twice round the room and let out a warwhoop—which caused several attendants outside to look in hastily.

"Again he passed his hand over the fur and, folding the robe, laid it carefully across a chair; then he sat down in graver mood and asked me still further about the Indians of the upper Missouri.

"I must make a trip up there with you," he said. 'I want to see them. I want to meet them and talk with them. And when I go,' he added, 'I want to go on your boat again.'

"He then asked me about the Indian agents. 'How are those fellows behaving now?'

"Much the same, or a little worse," I replied, and went on to tell him of the gross frauds practiced at the agencies.

"President Lincoln looked saddened. 'During this war it has been very difficult to get the right kind of men appointed to these duties,' he remarked. 'But wait till I get this rebellion off my hands. I have had to take the negro first. But the Indian shall come next. This whole question shall be taken up. I mean to go to the bottom of it. The red man as well as the black man shall have his rights.'

"While we talked other callers were announced. We rose to go and took leave, but at the door the President called me back. 'I have heard you have a claim against the government.'

"Yes, Mr. President," I replied.

"Has it been paid?"

"No sir," I said. 'I was a proslavery man, you know.'

"President Lincoln smiled, his broad, homely smile.

"Chase is a great financier," he said. 'But he is sometimes narrow.' He took a card from his pocket, wrote a few words on it and added his signature. 'You give him that,' said he, and again grasped me warmly by the hand.

"I remember thinking, as we went away, and I believe I also said so to Burleigh, that, if the Union statesmen were all like Abe Lincoln, Northerners and Southerners would soon be brothers again.

"The next day I took that card in to Secretary Chase. He glanced at it, then looked hard at me, but merely said:

"Of course, of course, if the President approves it—"

"And a part of my claim was paid."

The Epidemic at Hemingway's

By RUTH and ROBERT OSBORNE

CAROL CLAYTON stood irresolutely on the corner, frowning down at the paper in her hand. She had been to every store on her list save one, and with one accord the managers had been politely regretful. They were reducing their forces now; if Miss Clayton would call again at a busier season—

Her small, piquant face flushed as she studied the one remaining name. Then with a little sigh she turned determinedly into Hemingway's Department Store.

"Mr. Martin," she began in a rush, when admitted to the manager's office, "I am Stanley Clayton's daughter, and maybe you won't be glad to see me at all when I tell you that I want a job—must have a job."

At the mention of her father's name the distinguished-looking elderly gentleman sprang to his feet and seized her hands. "Stanley's little girl! And wanting a job!"

She smiled mistily. "Not merely wanting it either! You see, I had to bring mother out here to Los Angeles,—she has not been well at all since father died last spring,—and shortly after we arrived the Clayton Company stopped paying dividends. We shall have almost no income for nobody knows how long. I did not come to you until I had tried everywhere to get a job purely on my own merits. But at least I can assure you that I will use every bit of sense and energy I possess to repay you."

"Sit down, child," he said in a kindly voice as he pressed the buzzer on his desk. "Ask Mr. Smallwood to step in," he directed the shock-headed boy who appeared in response.

The assistant manager came in briskly, with an air of preparedness for any emergency.

"Mr. Smallwood, Miss Clayton. Smallwood, this is a new employee. Where do you suggest placing her?"

For a moment the eyes of the two men met in a wordless battle. Then the assistant manager turned with a slight shrug toward Carol. "I dare say Miss Brice could use her to advantage in the complaint department," he said civilly enough.

"Ah, the complaint department? Seems to me I have heard less complaint about the complaint department of late!"

Mr. Smallwood's face brightened with enthusiasm. "Yes, since Miss Brice took charge there has been a heavenly calm. She is wonderfully efficient."

"Indeed? But she needs numerous assistants of course. She will welcome Miss Clayton, I am sure."

A FEW moments later Carol found herself presented to a tall, keen-eyed young woman over whose entire face and figure efficiency seemed written in large letters. Evidently Carol's status had been made clear by Mr. Martin himself over the telephone, for no time was wasted in explanations.

"How do you do, Miss Clayton. Yes, certainly you can be useful here as soon as you learn the system, and it is really very simple. One group of girls receives the complaints as they come in by 'phone, letter or personal interview. Another investigates; a third, usually under my own direct supervision, adjusts. The first group notes the matter of the complaint, name of complainant and all other items of interest on these cards and files strictly according to order received—here. The second notes on these cards and files alphabetically in this other cabinet. The third, either by letter or 'phone, as I direct, notifies the complainant of the results arrived at."

All this was spoken swiftly in crisp, even tones, slightly mechanical, and had a somewhat dizzying effect on Carol.

"It may be well for you to remain and observe for the rest of the day. Tomorrow morning you may take your place with the receiving group at these desks."

Carol murmured her appreciation and sank gratefully into a chair to look about her. The group of girls nearest her, suave, mechanically polite, were busily making notes of the complaints received, many of them from a line of more or less irate women come to get justice in person. She caught occasional bits of their rather bored rejoinders: "Oh, yes—too bad indeed." "What a shame!" "Yes; certainly I'll make a note of it, and we will investigate immediately."

Next morning she took her place among

them with real interest and so thoroughly human a face that the first complainant to arrive instinctively turned to her.

Miss Brice, as she went about her own work of overseeing and directing her subordinates, glanced frequently at Carol, who was deep in earnest conversation and ignoring utterly the steadily increasing line before the desk and the frequent ringing of the telephone.

When at last the patron had departed, somewhat mollified, and Carol turned to file the "story of her life" in a cabinet, Miss Brice laid a firm hand on her shoulder. "A word to the wise, Miss Clayton! That"—with a little backward motion of her well-

DRAWINGS BY CONNIE HICKS



A gleam of caustic humor shone in the lady's eyes. "Yes," she said curtly, "you may send me—a paper of pins"

poised head—"is the kind of person you must gently but firmly choke off. The other girls have filed three cards to your one."

"Oh!" demurred Carol helplessly. "Really it was a shame and the salesgirl's fault—"

"Oh, undoubtedly! It always is!" was the reply. "But you'll get hardened to that. And remember that there are others."

Carol tried earnestly, but it was hard gently but firmly "to choke them off." When she could she watched the other girls' quick businesslike way of getting at the facts, heard their crisp "Next!" and wondered at her own inability to emulate them.

A few days after her initiation she had a peculiarly trying experience. Answering as quickly as possible the insistent ring of the telephone, she heard an irate voice: "Complaint department, Hemingway's? Well, am I to get that motor hat in time for my trip, or am I not? I bought it last Wednesday and unluckily ordered it sent. It has never come—"

"We will investigate—" began Carol pleasantly.

"Oh, yes, that's what you always say! I've phoned twice before, and you would investigate! Meanwhile it is noon, and I leave on the stage for San Diego at three. Am I to tie up my head in a bandana, or what?"

Carol suppressed a desire to laugh. "I'll see what can be done about it and let you know within fifteen minutes," she promised.

"Very well. And let me tell you, if that hat does not reach me in time, it will be the last thing you will ever need to investigate for me!"

CAROL hung up the receiver and looked for Miss Brice. She was not there. The chart showed her out at lunch. So were a number

of others. A moment's hesitation, then Carol called up the millinery department. The clerk who had sold Mrs. Littlejohn a motor hat was also out at lunch; no, no one else knew anything about it. Carol turned to the files. Yes, Mrs. Littlejohn's complaints were duly filed, both on yesterday's and the preceding day's records. They had not yet been reached. Meanwhile the hands of the clock were traveling steadily.

In desperation Carol called the delivery department. A voice suggestive of suppressed yawns knew nothing about it. No, nor anybody else either. They delivered what was given them to deliver, and a plenty it was too; that's all they knew. She tried the millinery department again. Yes, the girl had returned; no, she knew nothing of the hat; it had been taken to the delivery department. Miss Brice was still out. Carol decided on a raid of the delivery department in person.

The bored and yawning man in charge waved her "freedom of the city." "Sure, look around; if you can find your lady friend's bonnet, why, I'll eat it!"

"No, deliver it instead!" laughed Carol, glancing about her.

"What's this?" asked a small red-headed errand boy, holding up a dusty box retrieved from behind some packing-boxes.

"That's it!" declared Carol joyfully. "Thanks!" And she sped to the telephone.

Her eager explanations were heard somewhat skeptically. "Well, the question that interests me is, will that hat be out here at my home within an hour?"

Carol turned to the bored one.

"Can't be did," he declared briefly.

"Wagons are all out, and not a special left but Dick here, and I need him."

"Very well then, I'll deliver it myself."

It's my lunch hour anyway." And with a brief affirmative Carol hung up the receiver and dashed to the cloak room.

It was a little late when she reentered the complaint department, but, mindful of the relieved and gratified woman now speeding on her journey, she felt secure in the consciousness of a duty well done. She was therefore quite unprepared for Miss Brice's chilly reception of her account.

"Really, Miss Clayton, you take altogether too much upon yourself when you venture to do so unprecedented a thing. Why did you not wait for me?"

"Why, I couldn't, Miss Brice! She had to have the hat at once; I barely reached her in time."

Miss Brice smiled pityingly. "They all say that, you know."

"But she did! She put it right on and went out with me to catch a car that would get her to that stage. I saw her get on!"

"Which does not alter conditions. In attending to her out of turn you completely ignored all the carefully-thought-out system in order here."

"But—"

"And," continued Miss Brice, waving a cold, silencing hand, "you caused delay for a number of others whose order of precedence entitled them to attention."

Carol was conscious of a disrespectful suspicion that Miss Brice was enjoying herself greatly in thus freely dispensing her so many high-sounding words.

"Hereafter I must insist that you keep to the rules laid down. You may join the investigating group for the present," Miss Brice added, and Carol, nodding meekly, slipped away.

A few weeks later Mr. Smallwood entered the manager's office less jauntily than usual, a worried frown on his face.

"Well, what now?" demanded Mr. Martin, smiling at his disturbed air.

Smallwood sank dispiritedly into a chair. "I hate to say so, Mr. Martin, but it seems our young Miss Clayton is very upsetting."

"Upsetting? I'm sorry to hear that. How so?"

"Well, she encourages people so when they begin complaining that they never know when to stop, and she can't attend to more than a dozen a day. And about every second complaint that comes in demands Miss Clayton's attention. Fact!" he added as his chief's face showed polite incredulity.

"I see, sort of epidemic," mused Mr. Martin.

"That's it. And naturally it riles Miss Brice fearfully after she's worked so hard to get the department in good shape. She keeps coming to me—and what can I do?"

"Well, I'll think it over."

Miss Brice and Miss Clayton were out for lunch. Miss Brice always arranged now that Miss Clayton's noon hour should coincide with her own. Several women standing before the complaint desks were approached by an elderly distinguished-looking gentleman with shrewd, kindly eyes and a pleasant manner.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Thanks," responded the woman first in line, "I'm waiting for Miss Clayton."

"Oh, yes, she will return presently. You, then?" to the next.

She hesitated. "Well, I was waiting for Miss Clayton too, but—"

"Really? How interesting! I am new to this department; I wonder if you would mind telling me why you would rather wait for Miss Clayton than to dispose of your business immediately with some one else."

"Because she's human," replied the first woman.

"I have had one or two occasions for complaint before, over the telephone, volunteered a stately woman of aristocratic bearing, and Miss Clayton was most obliging. I thought I'd come up and see her personally this time."

The shabbily dressed girl behind her laughed nervously as the gentleman's questioning glance fell on her. "I—well, I heard the others say they'd wait for Miss Clayton; so thinks I. Well, I will, too."

Just at closing time one afternoon Carol Clayton flung herself into the manager's office; her face was tragic. "Mr. Martin, we've lost one of Hemingway's very best customers!"

"Really? Sit down and tell me about it."

"It's Mrs. Horton Allyn. She vows she will never set foot in the store again. A week ago she ordered a set of furs—beauties, three hundred and fifty dollars, charged and sent. The girl—it was that little Miss Andrews, who has to sit up half the night with her sick sister—made a mistake and sent them C. O. D. Watkins, who delivered them, was pert, Mrs. Allyn says, and wouldn't even take a check. Naturally she didn't have three hundred and fifty dollars in her pocket. She was furious, so she sat down and wrote a letter—a perfectly scathing letter. So I thought, if I wrote Mrs. Horton Allyn the nicest kind of a letter and told her all about it, she'd feel better. But then I remembered suddenly I was only investigating. I wasn't adjusting. So I asked Miss Brice if I couldn't adjust this, as I understood the case, and maybe could do better than some one else who didn't. She said, 'Certainly not; we must observe the rules or the system will go to pieces.' So I had to make notes and file them. Today I am receiving again, and this is what I got on the last mail."

She held out a delicately perfumed envelope of expensive brand.

Mr. Martin glanced over the brief note it contained and pursed up his lips. "Well," he said at length, "even so I imagine Hemingway's can still keep going, one way or another."

Carol frowned; she was thinking deeply. "If I could run this store, I bet we'd get her back again," she declared suddenly.

"Go to it," responded the manager. There was a light of amusement in his keen eyes.

It was several months before Mrs. Horton Allyn reentered Hemingway's. At frequent intervals she received by mail alluring announcements of the most attractive offerings of the store. She consigned them promptly to the waste basket. But late in the summer, driving in from her country place for a day or two, she found herself detained unexpectedly in town and in need of a new frock. The stocks in the first store she searched were exasperatingly low and shopworn. Reluctantly she crossed the street and hesitated a moment before Hemingway's. After all at this season she would see no one she knew; no one could be aware of her "fall from grace" if she went in, secured the dress, paid cash—her lips set grimly—and took it with her.

She was utterly unconscious of the shock that her passage created. She didn't notice the two little cash girls near the doorway, one of whom suddenly vanished, while the other followed discreetly in her wake.

When a pleasant-faced, gray-eyed girl approached her in the ladies' ready-to-wear department, she stated her needs briefly, quite unaware of the wild excitement throbbing behind those steady gray eyes.

"May I charge and send it?" the girl asked in a clear, pleasant voice.

"Thanks; I'll pay for it and take it with me," was the dry response.

Then Carol Clayton looked straight into the scornful lady's eyes. "Mrs. Allyn," she said quietly, "it would be a very great pleasure indeed if you would allow me to charge and send it."

A look of unpleasant satisfaction crossed the lady's features. "I am very sorry," she declared, not quite truthfully perhaps, "but I really could not risk it. I want this dress for use immediately."

"I could give you my personal assurance that the dress would reach you promptly and without mistake. But if you are not willing to have this sent, perhaps you will try us on something else?"

A gleam of caustic humor shone in the lady's eyes. "Yes," she said curtly, "you may charge and send me—a paper of pins."

A dimple appeared in Carol's left cheek as she bent over her order book. "Thank you, Mrs. Allyn; your order will arrive on the late afternoon delivery."

The next morning the complaint depart-



"I want a job," said Carol. "I must have a job"

ment received a telephone message: the pins were not the kind Mrs. Horton Allyn desired. Would they kindly call for them. Miss Brice, to whom the girl who received the message reported, was furious. But system was system. The matter was referred to Miss Clayton. She visited the "notions" in person.

"I want the daintiest possible package made up of every kind of pin you possess," she confided to the clerks in the friendly way that always enlisted their sympathetic

response. With the package went Miss Clayton's written assurance that, if the pins desired were not found in the collection, Hemingway's would be glad to order them at once.

Mr. Smallwood was the picture of dejection as he flung himself into the chair opposite Mr. Martin's desk. Mr. Martin looked up from the account books over which he seemed always to be poring of late. There was a slight twinkle in his eyes as he asked gently, "Why so sad?"

"Oh, I know the whole store rejoices over having recaptured Mrs. Horton Allyn, thanks to the publicity campaign you and Miss Clayton instituted. But I'm afraid, sir, that you don't realize what it has cost."

Mr. Martin raised his eyebrows slightly.

"You see," Smallwood went on earnestly, "it isn't merely the cost of Miss Clayton's time in this particular instance; that I know would be little enough compared with Mrs. Allyn's account, here. But it is a matter of principle. Her way of dealing with the problem is utterly opposed to Miss Brice's, and—well, the two ways are simply irreconcilable. Miss Brice's system is practically

fully as you have, and I have a considerable advantage over you in point of years. I am convinced that, while efficiency is indispensable in our business, sympathy and tact are even more so, particularly in the complaint department, where we are dealing with human nature at its most sensitive point. Miss Clayton's conquest of Mrs. Allyn is not so slight a triumph as you seem inclined to think. Are you aware that the profit on that one account alone, as it has averaged in past years, would suffice to pay Miss Clayton's salary? And have you endeavored to estimate the extent of Mrs. Allyn's influence among her friends?"

"No, I see that; but Miss Clayton uses no discretion whatever. Her attitude toward a factory hand complaining about a ten-cent bottle of perfume is exactly the same in a general way."

"And have you never studied the records closely enough to observe that the great bulk of our business is built up from just such patronage? No, Mr. Smallwood, it is you who are missing the point. Miss Clayton's work this past year has been invaluable."

"You will put her in charge of the complaint department then, I suppose," Smallwood said stiffly.

"I think so. She has spent a year learning the details and is singularly capable."

Mr. Smallwood shrugged. "Yes, if cost is no object; she will need to treble the force if complaints are to be handled within a month."

"POSSIBLY at first. Even so it will be financially worth it, as you will see if you will run your eye over these statistics I have been at some pains to arrange. But I see you have not observed another matter that has interested me greatly: Miss Clayton's campaign of education among the clerks. She has carried it on so unobtrusively in connection with her investigations that I presume few have been aware of it except myself. There will be far fewer mistakes to complain of in the coming year. As you remarked, more astutely than you were aware perhaps, 'That sort of thing is contagious.'"

"Then—Miss Brice goes?"

"Not if I know it!" exclaimed Mr. Martin warmly. "We can by no means afford to lose her. Her ability is misplaced, but genuine. I wish you would persuade her to take charge of the shipping department. It is in deplorable shape, costing outrageously and most inefficiently managed."

Mr. Martin rose and rested a hand on Smallwood's shoulder. "Don't think for a moment that I undervalue efficiency," he said earnestly; "I simply place sympathy first. And the epidemic of that useful quality to which Miss Clayton exposed us will go down in Hemingway's history."

The Adventures of William Tucker

By GEORGE HALSEY GILLHAM

IX. Trailing Hamon

UNDER the circumstances and since Hamon had again escaped us, we decided to push on down the river without delay. We left Bullard's band mill early that afternoon, intending to tie up for the night a few miles below at Brown's cotton gin, of which Tom Bullard had told us. They thought it would be a good place to sell goods, and probably some one there could tell us whether Hamon's shanty boat had passed there during the day.

We made a landing at Brown's gin about four o'clock, not more than seventy-five yards from the gin. We put out a number of lines, and Charley and I climbed the bank to look over the situation.

The gin, which was in full operation, was a large two-story corrugated iron building, from which protruded a tall iron smoke stack. There was a long line of wagons, with deep beds filled with cotton as it had been picked from the fields, waiting their turns to deliver their cotton to the gin. Each wagon, in turn, drove under a large jointed metal pipe about ten inches in diameter. This pipe was stuck down into the wagon, and the cotton was quickly sucked up by air suction through the pipe into the gin house and placed in a numbered bin. It was then run through one of five or six "gin stands" and the seed separated from the cotton. The cotton lint was carried by

automatic conveyers into the "lint room" and afterward baled under great pressure in a large press, covered with "cotton bagging" and bound with a number of flexible steel hoops. The bales were then weighed and marked with the owner's initials and rolled out on a platform or often on the ground near the gin.

OUTSIDE the gin house were a couple of hundred negroes and some white people. Some were waiting to have their cotton ginned, but many had come there simply to see and be seen and to have a good time.

Seated on a cotton bale, surrounded by a large circle of admirers, was a long-legged negro, who wore side whiskers and patent-leather shoes with white kid tops and red trimmings, touched off with a row of large pearl buttons. His trousers were very tight, and he wore a long-tailed Prince Albert coat, which had probably withstood the heat of thirty summers. Round his neck he wore a large black bow tie; the top of his head was crowned with a little, flat, fawn-colored derby hat. He was picking a banjo in a

manner that held his auditors spellbound. He was singing a song. I don't profess to be able to repeat his exact words, but it ran something like this:

Oh, de ham bone am sweet, an' de bacon am good,
An' de possum meat am very, very fine;
But gimme, yes gimme, oh, how I wish you would,
Dat watermillion growin' on de vine!

When de dew draps, dey am fallin', dat melon gwine er cool;
Den I know dat it will eat most awful fine,
An' I'se gwine ter come an' fetch it, or else I is a fool;
Dat watermillion growin' on de vine.

Charley and I then woke up and began to think about business. We knew we had to make some kind of a fuss to get the crowd down to our store. Hicks had an old cornet that he could blow pretty well. We went down to the Queen and got Hicks out on the forward deck with his cornet and told him to blow reveille and retreat and charge and anything he knew, or didn't know.

We soon had the boat covered with a mob of customers. We sold them all kinds of things, but had many calls far beyond the limits of our stock, even to gold teeth and glass eyes.

All the time I had Hamon in my mind. One of the boys then told us that he had seen a shanty boat floating near the opposite shore early in the afternoon. Somehow I felt we could land Hamon behind the bars if we stuck to the job. I was afraid he would reach New Orleans and be lost in that large metropolis. From New Orleans he could easily take passage on any one of thousands of local or foreign sailing or steam vessels, and we should probably never see him again. I was satisfied he had all that big pile of currency with him on his shanty boat. We wanted that reward, and we meant to try our very best to get it. For this reason we decided to hurry on to Baton Rouge, stopping only at Natchez and a few landings to sell goods.

Early one morning when we floated into Baton Rouge the first thing we saw was Hamon's shanty boat. He now had her painted coal black, but we all knew that boat instantly. I was determined that this time I would follow Hamon and not lose track of him. It was agreed that I should shadow Hamon's boat that night and if I had a chance slip on board and learn what I could. We knew it was useless to try to

have him arrested, as he never remained on his boat in the day time at any landing, and besides we concluded that, if Hamon was actually taken in custody by a local officer, we should get very little if any reward. We had tried the local officers, and Hamon always managed to escape. We decided we would try some new methods.

That night after supper I started out with my pockets full of biscuits and a bottle of water, determined to get some real information as to Hamon.

I stumbled about the river front for hours. I was afraid I might be arrested for prowling about at that hour of the night, and when I heard any footsteps I hid in dark corners until all was quiet again. But I managed to keep near where Hamon's boat was tied up.

About midnight some one, whom I took to be Hamon, boarded the boat. I hid behind a pile of barrels on the levee and watched. I wanted to board the boat, but every little while Ginie would come out and walk all round it. They were a pair of very wise and slippery crooks. I remained concealed among the barrels all night long, eating my biscuit and drinking the water from the bottle. I kept track of the time by a large tower clock, which struck all the hours and half hours. When the clock struck half past four, I rose and slipped aboard Hamon's boat. I lay down flat on the after deck, with my head at the crack under the door. As day was breaking Hamon rose and began to dress.

"I think that valley train for New Orleans leaves the depot yander a little after eight o'clock. When she pulls out, I'm a-goin' to be ridin' of her," said Hamon, as he put on his shoes. "You git you a good man to help you bring the boat on down to New Orleans, and when you git thar you git somebody to write a letter for you, and send it to me at the general delivery. Don't say much in that letter, jist tell me where you are. I'm a-goin' to take all this here you know what with me in this suitcase, an' I ain't never goin' to let it git out of my hand."

That was enough for me. I quietly slipped off the boat and up the levee. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me to the Queen. After I had told John and Charley what I had heard, it was agreed that Charley, John and I should board the train, as soon as we saw Hamon go up the steps of the coach, and that Hicks and Abe should bring the Queen on to New Orleans. Copying Hamon's plan, I told Hicks to write me at the "general delivery" as soon as he arrived in New Orleans, and let me know where to find him and the boat.

We had only a few hundred feet to walk to the railroad station. The three of us hid behind a pile of trunks and carefully watched for Hamon. He arrived early and boarded the smoking car, carrying an old red pasteboard suitcase, which was tightly bound by a small rope about six times each way. We slipped round on the side of the station away from the tracks and bought three tickets for New Orleans. John suggested that there was a parlor car on the train, and that Hamon, even if he got tired of the smoking car, would not enter that. So we bought three parlor-car tickets, walked round the corner of the station, and boarded the parlor car.

We reached New Orleans about noon and were at once engulfed in a great crowd of people, seemingly from the four corners of the earth. We had agreed that all three of us would follow Hamon—each separately and apart from the other—so that if one lost the trail, the others would still be in touch with him. We never walked together, but we all followed Hamon. We had arranged that, if any one of us got lost from the others, he was to inquire the way to the post office and stay there until we were reunited.

Hamon seemed somewhat confused and abashed by the big city. He came very near

being run over several times. He just kept walking and walking. He never put the suitcase on the ground at all, but always held it in his hand, whether walking or standing. Every few minutes he would look down at the suitcase and finger the locks, to be certain they were still in place. We felt very certain about what he had concealed in his hand baggage.

Finally he wandered into the French quarter, between the Court House and the old French market. The streets were narrow and the buildings very old. What had once been fine structures, decorated with the fancy cast-iron trimmings of a bygone age, now were grimy, forbidding hulks, inhabited by disreputable characters.

An old man with a brutal face stood at the foot of a dark stairway. He saw Hamon

went. It was a long and steep staircase. Those old buildings had very high ceilings. On the second floor we saw a dim light in one room, and out of this came the same old man who had taken in Hamon. We asked him how much he would charge for a room for the three of us. We soon made a bargain and paid him in advance. He put us in a back room on that floor, which contained two old broken-down beds.

We hung round the

and untied and tightened and retied all the rope on the suitcase.

John got down from the table, and we all went over to the wall as far from Hamon's room as possible. John, whispering carefully, told us Hamon was preparing to go out and that he would of course take the suitcase with him.

"I'll tell you," said John, "how we'll fix the dirty crook. You see, I have here in my bag a section of the rope that was left over when we built the roof garden on the Queen. Let's tie this rope across the head of the stairs, on the

third floor, about a foot above the floor, from banister to banister, and do the same thing at the head of the stairs on the second floor, and when this old thief next door comes out in that dark hall with his suitcase, he'll get such a tumble that it will shake the teeth out of his head, and I'm thinking he'll let go the suitcase too. About the time he gets up a good speed to run after his baggage he will hit the second rope. The three of us will be waiting at the foot of the stairs, and if we ever get our hands on that suitcase we must just keep running. If we get separated, meet at the post office at nine o'clock tomorrow morning." This plan we adopted unanimously.

We took another look at Hamon. He was getting ready to make his departure. We went out silently in the hall, and on both the third and second floors John tied that sea-grass rope across the stair steps from banister to banister, so that it would catch Hamon about the middle of his shin bones. We tiptoed down the stairs below. John and I were on the sidewalk at the foot of the stairs. Charley was stationed on the second floor, at the foot of the stairs leading to the third story. The steps came down from the third floor to the street in a straight, steep line.

Hamon was tall and bony and powerful, and his movements were quick. Out he came in a hurry.

He hit the rope—and how he did fall! It made us all jump!

He fell like a tall tree and hit flat. The heavy suitcase crashed on down the steep steps, bounced over Charley's head and came jumping down to the street. John caught it on the fly and was off like the wind, while Charley scrambled down the stairs. We could hear Hamon curse as he fell over the second rope. Charley and I followed John in hot pursuit.

I don't know what we should have done if our trick hadn't worked. Suppose Hamon for some reason hadn't tripped? Suppose he had chased us? It was terrible to think of.

Anyhow, he didn't, and we had the suitcase. John shook it a couple of times, and we heard several bundles of something thudding against the inside.

"Well, sir," Charley said as we walked along, "the excitement's about over, all right."

"Is it really?" said I. "Is it really, now? We've got an awful lot to do yet, and an awful lot may happen before we get this business settled up properly. Hamon's a desperate bird, and before he's caught we may get some bullets in our hides or a crack on the head with a club."

"Oh, shut up," said Charley. "Don't try to scare us."

"I didn't think I could scare you fellows after all we've been through," I flung back.

"I wish you'd stop chattering," said John. "We'll all get absent-minded, and I'll forget this suitcase."

We tried to talk casually, but we all had a pretty tense feeling in the pits of our stomachs, I guess. Every now and then I shivered with excitement. We were hungry for some food and curious to find out what now lay ahead of us.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.



He was picking a banjo in a manner that held his auditors spellbound

looking about in a bewildered way and went up and spoke to him. After a little conversation, while we all watched intently, the old man took Hamon by the arm and led him up the stairs.

We walked past this stairway and noticed that it bore a sign informing the public that good rooms were for rent above at two dollars a week. We got together round the corner and held a consultation. We decided that, as it would be hazardous to follow Hamon into the rooming-house at once, two of us would stay near by and watch the stairway, while the third member of our detective squad went off to get something to eat. We further made up our minds that we would all three go up the steps as soon as it got dark, and rent a room.

We all felt much better after eating some creole gumbo with rice and other things in a French restaurant in Royal Street. As Hamon did not come down the steps, we knew he must have rented a room.

When it was dark we pulled off our coats and collars and neckties, untied the strings of our shoes, and did everything we could to make it appear that we were poor boys without much money. Charley had a number of five-dollar bills in his leather bag, which was under his clothing and suspended from a string round his neck. We were in more danger when we tiptoed up those steps than we were when we faced the coal barges on the river in the helpless Ocean Queen.

Up the dark and ill-smelling staircase we

hall and doorway of our room until nine o'clock before Hamon came out. He went down the steps, suitcase in hand, and all three of us were right after him. We shadowed him to a restaurant and back. This time we located his room. It was on the third floor.

AFTER a little discussion in our room, we went to the landlord and told him our room was unbearably hot, and that we wanted one on the third floor, where we thought it would be cooler. Luck was with us this time; the landlord gave us a room on the third floor adjoining Hamon's. As soon as our door was locked we began to try to peep through the door into Hamon's room, but, as that scoundrel had plastered up the key hole and absolutely every crack, we could not see anything at all.

We kept absolutely quiet until some time in the morning. Then Charley rose and, standing on a table in his stocking feet, began to bore a hole through the door with the sharp point of a new knife he had. He worked a while and then had me come up and relieve him. Little by little we finally worked a small hole through the panel near the top. But one can see a lot through a small hole.

A little while before daylight we heard Hamon get out of bed. John stood on the table and looked in. He saw Hamon strike a match and light the lamp in his room. Then, as John afterward told us, Hamon went over

Hunting with Bow and Arrow

By EDWARD W. FRENTZ

LEGEND and romance hang like an opalescent cloud above the heads of Robin Hood and his merry men, but, though its beauty charms us, it distorts the facts. Every modern archer knows that splitting the willow wand at one hundred paces or nocking another's shaft at eleven score is an accident, not a feat of skill, and even when related of the "gentle outlaw" is to be taken only as a myth. There is just as good shooting with the long bow today as ever Sherwood Forest saw. What is set down here is fact, gathered at first hand from the archers themselves, by one who knows them personally and has followed the sport for more than forty years.

Leslie Simpson is an American who has lived thirty years in Africa, and who in that time has killed two hundred and thirty-seven lions and photographed hundreds more. He is known everywhere as one of the greatest lion hunters that ever lived, and his opinion of Simba, the lion, must therefore be received with respect. What that opinion is can best be judged by the precautions that he takes when he is traveling in lion country. Suspended from a cord round his neck is a heavy revolver of the largest caliber. In a holster on the instrument board of the "divver" is a double express rifle that throws a slug as large round as a man's finger, and to the right of him, within instant reach, stands a Springfield. When he lies down at night the cord that holds the revolver is still round his neck, the two rifles rest by his side, and a lighted lantern stands at his head. The magazines of all the weapons are kept filled, and there is always an extra cartridge in the chamber. It may therefore be gathered that Simpson regards the lion as an adversary to be treated with respect and approached with proper safeguards.

What then is to be said of three men who decide to go into Simpson's country to kill lions with bows and arrows that they made themselves? *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—of the dead, nothing but good? No, that will not do, for the men are not dead. They landed in Boston the other day, alive and well after six months in camp, with sixty-three lions to their credit, seven of which they killed with no other weapons than their bows and arrows, in one of the most remarkable hunts that white men ever made.

The men are Dr. Saxton Pope and Arthur Young, of San Francisco, and Stewart Edward White, the author; and their African trip was not the foolhardy venture that those who do not know the facts might think. They had already killed with the bow not only all kinds of small game—ground squirrels, rabbits and grouse—but deer, wildcats, mountain lions and black bears; then they went up into Wyoming and proved the power of their weapons and their daring as hunters by killing five grizzlies, the largest of which, even after the body was drained dry of blood, weighed nearly a thousand pounds. That story is in itself an epic of the long bow that is worth a little digression.

THEY had received word from a ranger that a big old grizzly had been seen at Soda Butte, and they prepared to go after him. Scouting over the area, they found diggings and his tracks. A good-sized bear will make nine-inch tracks; this monster's were eleven inches long. They also found that he was a killer, whose trail was marked by many bloody episodes. They saw where he had sneaked up on a mother elk and her newborn calf, and with a great leap had thrown himself upon them and killed them both.

Having found that the big fellow was a night prowler, and that he crossed a little creek at a set place, they built a blind and waited for him. Throughout three long, cold nights they shivered there with no results, but along toward morning of the third night the big fellow appeared. As he slipped between the trees, the moonlight glinting on his hide, Young discharged three arrows, and Pope, two. The wind was with them, and the bear lumbered off. In the dim light they could not easily follow the flight of their arrows and believed that they had missed him; but in the morning they found all but one of the arrows. That one was gone, so they took up the trail. There were traces of blood. Then they found part of the missing arrow. The bear had broken it off with his teeth. Hour after hour they searched, until at last, when they were almost at the point



Killer and killed. Notice the arrow, buried to its feathers in the lion's side

of exhaustion, they came upon a ledge, climbed it, looked down and beheld the monster at their feet. A single arrow, striking him in the chest and ranging back, had killed him.

Now, Doctor Pope is a surgeon, and ever since he began to shoot the bow he has made post-mortem examinations of the bodies of all the big-game animals that he or Young has killed. The results convinced him that a well-placed arrow kills as surely and as quickly as a bullet, though in a different way, for the bullet usually kills by shock, the arrow by hemorrhage; and, since the actual killing of mountain lions, grizzlies and moose had already proved by experiment what the post-mortems merely confirmed, both men were satisfied that there is no animal in North America that a skillful archer cannot kill with a bow and arrow. What then were the limits of those simple weapons? They wanted to find out; and, since they had tested them on almost every kind of big game on this continent, they turned their attention to Africa. Stewart Edward White went with them partly because he, too, had become interested in archery, partly because he knew the ground, and partly to act as a life-insurance policy by standing ready to stop with a rifle bullet such lions as might charge. So the trip was not so hair-brained a venture as one might think.

No hunting party was ever more thoughtfully planned or better equipped. Each man had seven bows of his own make, five of yew

eighths of an inch in diameter. They were tipped with barbed spear-head-shaped steel blades an inch and a half wide and three inches long, spot-welded into sockets that fit over the shafts, and sharpened to a razor edge. Each arrow was feathered with three long vanes from a turkey's wing, dyed in bright colors, to make the arrow easier to find in thick cover. There were two thousand of those arrows, finished, and materials for as many more. The heads alone weighed forty pounds and cost four hundred dollars.

Simpson's camp is a little settlement of some twenty native huts situated at Nyumbo, about halfway between Lake Victoria Nyanza and the volcano Killimanjaro, in what is today probably the finest hunting-ground in the world. Here, then, in this archer's paradise, let us follow a typical morning hunt with bow and arrow.

The sun is not yet up, but the car stands ready for the start. Simpson is at the wheel, his arsenal within easy reach. White carries both a Springfield and a bow and a quiver of arrows. Pope and Young have only their bows and the quiver of fifty or sixty arrows that each wears on a shoulder strap. The sport of Assyrian kings is about to be enacted by Americans of the present day. The two-wheeled chariot of the sculptured tablets is represented by a modern motor-car. In place of the spearmen are two men with high-power rifles. The ancient shield of rawhide has given way to a windshield of plate glass, but the actual hunters bear the same

circling high in air, and beneath them a ring of waiting hyenas. Other game has withdrawn into uneasy and watchful groups. In the tall grass of the open space lies a male lion, old Simba, the king of beasts. He has feasted to repletion on his kill of last night, and is now indolent and unconcerned.

At first he does not even look at the car, though he is aware of it. No other creature on earth except a titled Englishman, says Doctor Pope, can assume such an air of bored indifference as a well-fed lion in his native wilds. But as the car gets nearer, the lion rises to his feet and stares, still haughty, but now a little truculent too. At one hundred and fifty yards Simpson stops the car, and the hunters get out. They separate and work slowly up until the thrashing of the lion's tail and a low, threatening growl warn them that to go any nearer is to provoke a charge; so, although the distance is still eighty or eighty-five yards, each man nocks an arrow, and together they loose. Neither hits, but the misses serve to give them the range more accurately. At the second shot an arrow strikes the lion in the head. He rises and claws at it, and thereby exposes his flank. An arrow sinks deep into his side. Another enters his shoulder. He bites savagely at them, and then with a snarling roar retreats to the edge of the cover. There he stands, with blazing eyes and bristling mane, uttering in deep roars the threats that he is already too weak to put into effect by charging. The arrow in his flank will end him in a little while. It is better to wait than to risk a charge.

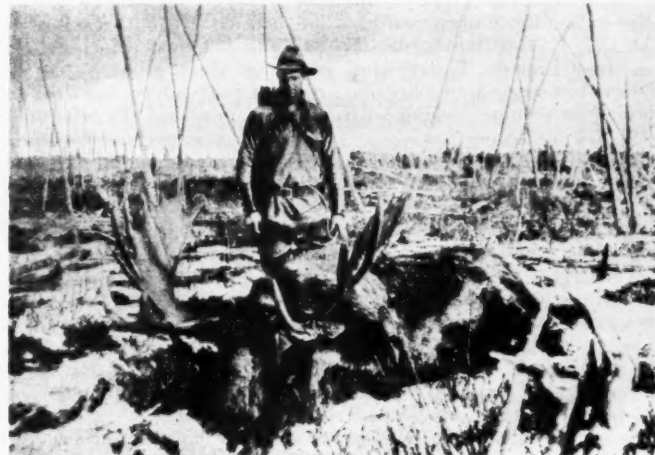
Half an hour passes. The lion has settled down in the grass. An exploratory arrow fails to rouse him. The archers move forward. At sixty yards they shoot again. He does not move. With arrows ready on the string they draw still nearer and shoot once more. There is no response. The lion is lying on his side, dead—killed by weapons so ancient that history has never discovered the origin of them, and so simple that a boy can make them.

There were plenty of other shots that prove a good bow to be no mean weapon in the hands of a man who knows how to use it. Young shot a wildebeeste, an animal nearly as large as a bison, in the body. It ran a little way and came back. A second arrow, which struck it in the chest, dropped it almost in its tracks, passed completely through it and stuck fast in the ground beyond. A two-thousand-pound bull eland, the largest of the antelope family, fell to four well-directed shafts.

There were days that brought experiences more thrilling but less successful from the bowmen's point of view. Eight times the archers were charged, once by a lioness at which they had not even shot; they had merely offended her dignity by driving the car too near. Young killed her with a rifle shot in the face when her nose was even with the rear end of the truck. A lion that charged the front of the car Simpson killed with the big double express in midair, in a leap that would have landed the beast on the driver's seat. The archers credit to the bow no lions or other animals that had to be despatched by the rifle, even though the autopsy showed that the arrow wounds would of themselves have been fatal. The seven lions and the many other beasts that they count as trophies they killed with the bow and arrow alone.

Both Doctor Pope and Arthur Young are too sensible and have had too much experience to maintain that a man can safely hunt lions in the open with bow and arrow without some one to back him with a rifle in the event of a charge; but there is no need of anyone's taking that risk, and they have splendidly proved, both by their recent African trip and by their many hunting experiences in this country, that a real sportsman can get enough game even with the weapons of primitive man. They know that those weapons are not to be compared with modern high-powered rifles, either in range or in accuracy, but they also know that when well made and skillfully handled they suffice.

They love the thrill of a shot directed by their own trained judgment and driven by the force of their own muscles; and they have a finer satisfaction than that of the game hog who will use only the most murderous weapon he can find, and who measures the success of his hunt solely by the weight in his game bag. In short, they like a sporting proposition.



A real sportsman can get big game even with the weapons of primitive man

backed with rawhide, one of lemon wood and one of osage orange. They ranged in length from five feet, six inches to five feet, ten, and in weight—that is, in the power necessary to draw an arrow to the head—from fifty-six to ninety pounds. The arrows were of birch, twenty-eight inches long and nearly three

weapons that once made "the divine right of kings" something more than a phrase.

AS the car jogs along across the veldt, game of every kind gets up and scurries away unheeded, for the party is out for lions only. At last the growing dawn discloses vultures

FACT AND COMMENT

THOSE WHO ARE THE QUICKEST to take offense are the most likely to offer it.
—The Youth's Companion, March 26, 1828.

He builds not well, in Pride or Spite,
Whose Wall shuts out a Neighbor's Light.

YOUNG PEOPLE who have contributed of their mites toward the restoration of "Old Ironsides" may yet have a return for their money quite beyond and apart from the satisfaction they may justly feel in having helped to preserve so interesting a relic of our naval history. Arrangements have been made by which one of the best film-producing corporations is to present on the screen the most accurate reproductions possible of some of the old ship's most notable exploits. An agent has already gone abroad to study the scenes of the Constitution's battles with the Barbary pirates. The undertaking is said to have the sanction and coöperation of the Navy Department.

TURNING DOWN PHI BETA KAPPA

YOUTH, when it is not hidebound in its conservatism, is openly radical. The middle of the road is not popular with the young. They prefer being definitely one thing or the other, with plenty of emphasis.

Most college boys are conservative. No where is the force of tradition, the compelling power of custom, stronger than on the college campus. But there is a distinctly radical party to be found there, too. One of its adherents in the University of Kansas has just been heard from. He has declined election to Phi Beta Kappa, the honor fraternity open only to men who have the highest rank in their studies, because he doesn't believe in the ranking system. "The grade system is a false criterion of scholarship," he says, "and a dangerous foundation for intellectual achievement. To get an A grade requires a degree of docility and useless industry that is fatal to the independence, initiative and spirit of adventure which are the life blood of the true scholar and scientist."

This is not the first time that a voice has been raised against the recitation system, with its question-and-answer method of instruction, its premium on memory instead of on independent thought, and its apparently exact, but actually uncertain, valuation of the scholar's acquirements. There is no question that it is a system better adapted to flogging an unwilling or indifferent student into a certain amount of mental activity than it is to encouraging profound or original scholarship. But as long as our colleges are crowded with boys and girls who have no scholarly ambitions, and are merely interested in "getting by" in their studies, while they enjoy the social life and the "extra-curricular" activities of their associates, it will be hard for faculties to introduce any other system of education. Of course they might drop everyone who did not display a taste and an ability for first-rate scholarship, but that would be a difficult thing to do in a country where the inalienable right of every boy and girl to the "higher education" is a social and political axiom, and where so many great universities are public institutions supported by the money of the taxpayers.

As for our young friend from Kansas, we like his spirit, but we think he need not have scorned a distinction of which many "true scholars and scientists" are proud. And another thing: He observes that a fatal amount of docility and useless industry is necessary to get an A grade. Yet he apparently got A grades, and his letter does not suggest any unusual degree of docility or conformity to meaningless requirements on his part. The recitation system may be a bad one for the advanced scholar, yet a really clever and studious boy will generally get high rank under it, whether he approves of it or not. When he gets up into real university work, which, as Doctor Butler pointed out in The Youth's Companion, is something different from college work, he will find that independent research is encouraged, and that his instructors have pretty well abandoned the educational methods which he condemns.



This heroic statue, the work of the American sculptor, Daniel Chester French, stands in the great hall of the Lincoln Memorial, in Potomac Park, not far from the White House, where Lincoln once dwelt.

"AGE CANNOT WITHER"

BY
AGNES REPPLIER

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, Mr. Andrew Lang, in a clever brochure entitled *How to Fail in Literature*, warned young authors that there was nothing more to be written on the subject of Abraham Lincoln. The great President was, and would always be, a figure full of interest to the English-speaking world; but as a topic for magazine papers his day was over.

Four years later, the exhaustive biography of Lincoln (Nicolay and Hay) was published in New York. Twenty-six years later Lord Charnwood's admirable biography was published in London. Only a year ago came Dr. W. E. Barton's fresh and striking life of Lincoln. Every intervening year has seen the publication of at least one volume dealing with this inexhaustible subject.

In the past decade considerably more than three hundred magazine articles upon Lincoln have been indexed by Poole. Of scattered papers and editorials there is no count; while every year, as the 12th of February draws nigh, American poets become laureates and sing his deathless fame.

A gifted English dramatist has woven out of his national service and his tragic death a play which competes successfully with musical comedies and bedroom farces and proves triumphantly the survival of intelligence and emotion even in a theatre-going public.

It is well for us to keep in our minds and hearts the indelible impression of a life which fulfilled the vigorous purposes of democracy. A new understanding comes to us with

every circumstance which patient historians are even now bringing to light. There are a dozen sentences in Mr. Arthur Morgan's article published in the *Atlantic Monthly* which illuminate the track, enabling us to measure the foundations upon which Lincoln established his simple and sincere conceptions of manhood.

In that little corner of the Western world where his boyhood and his early manhood were spent, where "none were rich, and none without food and shelter," where "everyone had to work for a living, and everyone could get a living by work," the lad learned the nature of essentials and the practical principles of relativity. If, in the years to come, he remained unmoved by the lust for wealth, unsuited by the lust for power, it was because he knew the value of primitive and fundamental things and respected man's relationship with man.

There are warning voices raised to protest against the idleness, the self-indulgence, the covetousness with which all classes of Americans are shaming our civilization. There are those who say we are running the race of death. But surely our tenacious love for Lincoln tells another tale.

We have not yet turned our eyes away from his austere and benignant figure, nor from the majestic figure of Washington which dominates our history. We shall not, like Carthage, speed to our destruction if, like Rome, we honor the memory of those who have given us our national life and saved for us our national honor.

STATE AND NATION

FROM the time the United States government was first established the Federal power has constantly tended to encroach upon the authority of the states. That tendency is both logical and inevitable, and as time goes on practical business people have come to regard it as natural and to do everything they can to forward it. The absurdity of having forty-eight different sets of marriage and divorce laws, the inconvenience of having so many complicated requirements for education and for health, the nuisance of double and multiple tax regulations, which make the possession of property difficult and its transmission almost impossible, these things are all so irritating to common sense that it tries to overlook the state governments and sometimes even dreams of abolishing them altogether.

Fortunately or unfortunately, the Federal Constitution renders that impracticable, except by the agency of a constitutional convention, and everyone who knows anything of government knows that a Federal constitutional convention would be nothing more than chaos let loose.

The Federal Constitution not only establishes the state governments; it defines their functions, and when we reflect upon it we see that all the functions of government that most concern the private citizen primarily belong to the state. That is true with regard to health, education, business, police, local transportation, the regulation of all local government and local affairs. However the Federal government may be disposed to meddle, the authority originally and properly belongs to the states. Yet all the time Congress, with the support of the people, is weakening the state control in these matters more and more, and every Federal encroachment tends to reduce the quality, the efficiency and the dignity of the state governments, because it distracts public attention from them.

This is the greatest problem before the voters of the United States today, more important than labor or liquor or coal or airplanes or even war and peace, for the treatment of all these problems is intimately bound up with it. It is the first duty of every voter, man or woman, to familiarize himself or herself with the working of the state government, to take an interest in state elections, and to see that the traditional authority and dignity of the states is preserved, or, if tampered with, modified only from absolute necessity and in the wisest possible fashion.

PAYING A DEBT OF HONOR

ALMOST fifty years ago, during the hard times that followed the great panic of 1873, a bank of Springfield, Illinois, was driven to the wall with liabilities of \$800,000. After everything had been realized from the bank's assets, there was still \$228,000 due to the depositors. The settlement was an honorable one, and no further legal responsibility attached to the bank or its chief owner, Jacob Bunn.

But Mr. Bunn was not satisfied to get out of his liabilities so easily. He went into business again in a small way and during the next twenty years of his life laid aside all he could afford to save in a fund to be used for the repayment of his creditors. After his death in 1897 his children assumed his debt, with the same stubborn determination to make it good. Last Christmas they made the final payment. The \$228,000 has been repaid to the original depositors or their heirs, with interest at five per cent for the whole term of forty-seven years. It took \$800,000 to settle the debt, but nothing less would satisfy the family's sense of financial honor.

The episode is a remarkable one. Most business men, even those whose personal integrity is unquestioned, would have been satisfied to pay everything they could at the time of failure and then to accept the perfectly legitimate release which the bankruptcy laws offer them. But Jacob Bunn and his descendants had a finer ideal and a more delicate sense of honor. By their conduct they have helped to raise our confidence in the essential nobility of mankind. At a time when so much finds its way into the news to shake our faith in humanity let their achievement be remembered.



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Reason No. 2

We Search the Markets of the Whole World

Our complete organization of buyers, our ex-

perts in all kinds of merchandise, go to every market in their search for the new thing, the new pattern or design, for bigger bargains, or for better quality at the price.

All the year round we have buyers in Europe—the rubber for our tires comes direct from the Orient, we buy silk in Japan—we buy wherever and whenever we can secure the best bargains for you.

Reason No. 3

We never sacrifice Quality to make a low Price

At Ward's your satisfaction is our first thought always. Will this shoe, or this chair, or this stove give our customers complete satisfaction? That is the first thing. We never "cheapen" an article to make the price seem lower.

A low price at Ward's always is a *genuine* low price because it is never a low price made at the sacrifice of quality.

Reason No. 4

You Always Buy On Approval—at Ward's

Montgomery Ward & Co. published the first mail order guarantee: "Your money back if you ask for it." That was the Golden Rule policy upon which this business was established and

which we have lived up to for fifty-four years.

This "deal as you would be dealt by" policy will govern every transaction with you. And furthermore, when you write to us or order from us, you can be sure that your orders and letters, your confidence and your patronage are always appreciated at Montgomery Ward & Co.

Reason No. 5

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In the last four years twice as many families have commenced sending their orders to Ward's. The growth of Ward's, our success in pleasing our customers, in giving them sterling values, has made us hundreds of thousands of new friends.

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The MISCELLANY PAGE

THE OLD BARN THEATRE

By Nan Terrell Reed

*It is brown with rust
And covered with dust
Where the stage in the old barn lies,
And the spiders crawl
On a cob-webbed wall
And watch for the passing flies.*

*There are creaking stairs;
There are broken chairs
That once held a group who thrilled
While our heroine sighed
As our hero died
And our villain stabbed and killed.*

*There are theatre wings,
And some costume things—
A wig—and a calico drop
On a stick of wood
Which the stage hand could
Roll up with a sudden flop.*

*Oh, the curtain's worn,
And the costumes torn,
And the players have gone their ways,
But beneath the rust
And the old barn's dust
Lies the joy of our childhood days.*

THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD

"I HAVE overcome the world." Who said that? A young man, not yet thirty-three years of age, Alexander the Great. He had solidified the dominions of Macedonia and Greece, had humbled Persia and made Egypt his own, subdued India and Mesopotamia. He wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Most celebrated of all military leaders of history, and generous and magnanimous as well as powerful, he merits the descriptive line of Pope's Temple of Fame in which he is called "the youth who all things but himself subdued." He died in his thirty-third year, and his kingdom was rent into four parts and has never been reunited under any leader who can be called his successor.

Another young man of just about the same age said the same thing one Thursday night three centuries later, and the next day they led Him out and hanged Him. It must have required some courage and faith on the part of his followers to recall his words and write them down as of the night when the shadow of the Cross fell athwart his path: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

One might moralize at any length on the differences between the conquests of these two young leaders; but all that is now necessary is to recall that now, nearly two thousand years after Jesus said it, we are better prepared to understand and believe the truth of it than the world could ever have been before. The higher ideals of the world that are making its constructive forces effective are derived from Him. His kingdom, never primarily of this world, now represents the visible aspects of its power in tangible assets of church and college and library and hospital and other visible and material institutions compared with which most human establishments are small.

But these are not the larger or more important of his conquests. Beginning in the power that enables men to conquer themselves, it extends its glad and gracious conquest from life to life and home to home till it gathers into its realm all music, poetry, art, literature, and all that is sweet and holy in human life. This kingdom is an everlasting kingdom. Jesus and Alexander both truthfully claimed to have conquered the world; Alexander would have been bewildered and might have treated the claim of Jesus with contempt. But it is Jesus whose conquest is to endure forever.

WILLING TO PAY THE PRICE

A SOMEWHAT shabby man wandered into a very smart restaurant, says The Tatler, and ordered an elaborate lunch. At first the waiter was dubious about serving him, but the customer's obvious ease in his surroundings and his excellent choice of dishes reassured him. At last, when the



HANDS OF GOOD MEN

THE hands of men and women are hardly less expressive of character and experience than their faces. What could be more unlike than the hands of a mechanic and of a violinist, or of a book-keeper and of a professional athlete? The illustrations show plaster casts of the hands of five distinguished men; the three in the upper row, from left to right, are the hands of Goethe, the poet, Rubens, the painter, and Liszt, the musician. On the left below is the hand of Wagner, the composer, and on the right that of Voltaire, the cynic and man of letters. Can you read in them the traits that made their careers famous?



The Sphere

bill was presented he asked courteously for the manager, who appeared presently.

"Good day," said the customer airily. "Do you recollect that a few months ago a man came here and had a jolly good meal without paying for it?"

"I do," answered the manager grimly.

"And do you remember what you did to him?" pursued the other.

"Yes, sir," said the manager fiercely, "I kicked him out of the place."

"Well, then," said the customer, rising leisurely and turning his back to the official, "do you mind obliging me again?"

THE SPORT OF A TORNADO

WESTERN humorists have asserted that certain tornadoes have been violent enough to blow out wells and dig post-holes, but what happened in sober earnest to a well in Sedgwick County, Kansas, in 1878 or 1879 was no subject for humor. At that time the late Benjamin F. Tuttle of Buffalo was a half-grown boy on a ranch northwest of Wichita, where he lived with his parents and baby sister Margaret.

One afternoon in May he was out hunting for prairie chickens' eggs on the prairie near their small frame house. With him was little Margaret, then about two years old, whom he wheeled about in a baby carriage fashioned like a miniature top-buggy of the period.

His father was "breaking sod" with four horses and a sulky-plow an eighth of a mile distant. There was a threat of rain, with thunder muttering in the distance, but the boy, eagerly scanning the ground for nests, had observed nothing alarming till he heard his mother call and, looking up, saw her beckoning frantically to him.

He started to go to where she stood and about the same time noticed that his father was galloping the horses toward the barn. Then he heard a heavy rumbling sound, the wind freshened, night seemed to descend, something snatched him up, still clinging to the handle of the baby carriage, and for a long time he knew nothing more.

When he regained consciousness he found himself in cold water up to his neck, with his clothing caught fast to projections from some long, upright polelike object beside him. He was in total darkness, and there was a damp curved wall of stone within reach of his hand at one side. His body ached from head to foot, and he felt numb and helpless.

Mr. Tuttle always said in describing his experience that for a long time he had not the most remote idea where he was. He freed his jacket and, finding projections above him along the pole, climbed slowly and painfully out of the water. These projections seemed spaced regularly, though now and then one was missing. At length the fact dawned on him that they were the rungs of a ladder, one side of which had been removed.

As he continued climbing, his head cleared, and presently he saw a dim, irregular outline of light directly overhead. He now became convinced that he was in a well, though what well or where he could not even guess. Then he heard the faint cry of a child close to his head and an instant later bumped into the top of the baby carriage, which was hanging down like a bag and contained his little sister.

When he had wormed his way past this obstruction, he saw clouds and stars overhead, for he was now close to the top of the well. He tried to get Margaret out of the crumpled carriage, but could not do it and support himself at the same time and, after nearly dropping her, was forced to desist. He then climbed outside and saw a lantern moving about at a little distance. In response to his calls a neighbor came up, and Margaret was soon rescued. Her only injury was a broken arm.

They had been in their own well, about two hundred yards from where the tornado picked them up. The only vestige left of their farm buildings was the foundation wall of the house. The pole in the well was one side of the ladder that had led up to the windmill used in pumping water. The gearing of this windmill was subsequently found two miles away; how everything else had been swept away and one part of the ladder

dropped into the well was always a mystery. The children must have entered the well later, else the falling ladder would have killed them.

Two of their father's horses were killed. The father was blown into a tree-top beside a creek a half-mile distant but escaped with several broken ribs. Mrs. Tuttle was found unconscious on the prairie beyond the confines of their ranch and never fully recovered, though she had no broken bones.

—Roe L. Hendrick.

A LOVELY ROYAL LADY

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, who died a short time ago, was both in disposition and appearance a very lovely lady. When, as a young girl of nineteen, she came from her Danish home—she was a daughter of the King of Denmark—to marry the English Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, her exceptional grace and beauty turned the welcome accorded her into a furor of popular acclamation. She seemed, many sober grown-up witnesses have testified, "more like a fairy princess from the wonder tales of her countryman, Hans Andersen, than an actual royal person of an actual modern kingdom." If she seemed like that to grown people, it is easy to understand how she fascinated children.

Among the hundreds of anecdotes recently retold concerning her there is an amusing one of her earliest royal progress as the wife of the Prince of Wales. The crowd was such that the procession was several times temporarily blocked, and one of these enforced stops was opposite a boarding school for little girls. One of the youngest pupils, holding a corrected composition her teacher had just returned to her, found herself unable to see over the heads of the sidewalk crowd from the low school doorway and wormed her way through the press to the curbstone, just as the carriage of the prince and princess paused there. Completely captivated by the charming princess, she pressed close to the wheels for a nearer view.

The princess saw her and saw the paper in her hand. Naturally assuming it to be but one more address of welcome, she graciously put out her hand for it; the little girl, too polite to refuse and too dazed to explain, surrendered it to her, and the cortege passed on. Glancing presently at the paper she held, it was a surprised and mirthful princess who read the title in neatly printed capitals: "The Habits of Toads."

Queen Alexandra was gentle and gracious, but rarely jocular. One of her few mild jests was her reply to a little girl, encountered during one of her charitable visitations, who had not recognized her. She asked the child, "Where do you live?" and received the answer, "Near Whiteley's"—which is one of the biggest and best-known London stores—with the counter-question, "Where do you live?"

"Oh!" said Her Majesty, "I live near Gorrings"—which is another big store, not far from Buckingham Palace. Not till after her departure did the little girl learn the name and title of the lady who lived near Gorrings.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BUSINESS AND HOSPITALITY

"FOR driving a close bargain," said the horse-buyer, "commend me to a Scotchman, but that isn't all there is to him."

Pressed for an explanation of his statement, the horse-buyer continued:

"A few years ago I was up-country buying horses. I had purchased two when I came upon a Scotchman who offered me one. I looked the horse over and offered the man \$185 for his horse. He wanted \$190. We talked quite a while, but the Scotchman stuck to his price. I had other prospects further north and wished to see them, and I was twenty miles from home, and the roads were bad. Seeing that I could make no impression on the Scot, I said, perhaps a little impatiently, 'Well, you can have \$185 or keep your horse.'

"The Scot coolly replied: 'We'll split the difference. I'll take one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents for him.' I looked the horse over again. He seemed to be just the kind I wanted, and I closed the bargain. The look of grim satisfaction

on the Scot's face impressed me. He had maintained his reputation as a good bargainer.

"Then he said to me, 'Where are you going for the night?'"

"Going back home now," I said, I fear a little shortly, for I was impatient at the delay caused by our haggling over the price of the horse. "I must take these horses home at once."

"I thought you were going farther north to buy more horses," he said.

"I am, tomorrow," said I.

"Well that will be a hard trip home and back again," said he. "Better stay here over night. I can put you up all right."

"I was very tired and consented, though I almost feared what I would have to pay in the morning for the accommodation."

"When I was ready to go, in the morning, I asked the Scotchman for my bill."

"Oh, that's all right," said he.

"I was so taken back that I stammered."

"If I were at a hotel, I'd have to pay," said I; "and I'm ready to pay you just the same."

"You pay me nothing," said he. "You are my guest."

"I do not understand," said I. "You

entertain a man and four horses over night and charge nothing, while last night you drove the hardest bargain I ever made and claimed the last fifty cents."

"Oh, that's business," said the Scot, "and it's my duty to get the best price for my horses; but entertaining a guest is another matter."

ADAMS'S ADVICE TO THE DRUNKARD

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS had no great reputation as a wit, but we find in one of the early numbers of *The Youth's Companion*, that for December 7, 1827, when Adams was President, an anecdote that shows he could make a very tart and apt reply on occasion. The *Companion* says:

While hundreds of persons were waiting on Mr. Adams at Barnum's in Baltimore, last week, a drunken fellow made his way through the crowd and, seizing his hand, said, "I hope, Mr. President, you won't abuse the Constitution."

The President replied, "I hope not, my good fellow, and I hope you will not abuse yours."



BILL JONES

BILL JONES is the kind of fellow most other fellows envy. He's an all-round fine athlete—does half a dozen different things well. He's won some cups he can feel mighty proud of!

Take the mile race in the inter-scholastic meet last Spring, for instance, Sam Richards looked like a winner sure, until the last fifty yards. Then Bill surprised him—passed him and ran away from him for a corking finish.

The same thing is apt to happen when Bill plays a tennis match. The other fellow may flash brilliant form and a whole bag of tricks. Bill plugs away and after a while you see that the games aren't going the way they did at first. The brilliant fellow begins to falter, but Bill doesn't know the meaning of the word. He can last five sets under a broiling sun, with every game in the last set going to deuce, and he'll be shooting 'em hard and fast across the net at the finish. That's the kind of stuff that brings Bill through tournaments.

The truth of the matter is, Bill's endurance is one hundred per cent. Other fellows can swim as well as he can, run as well as he can, swing a racket or a golf club as well as he can—at the start! But there aren't many who can *finish* as Bill does, with some energy still to spare and nerves steady. Endurance does it.

"Sure I've got endurance!" Bill says. "Why wouldn't I have? —I work for it! It's no gift, you know!"

Bill's right. Endurance is something you must work for—but it's worth the effort a hundred times over!

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells *Postum* in two forms. Instant *Postum*, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. *Postum Cereal* is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

How about *your* endurance? Are you developing it to the utmost? Are you trying to build up a fine, efficiently working body which will answer all the demands made upon it? It's easy to do, once you go at it seriously. The rules are simple—plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air, regular exercise, sensible diet—and *no artificial stimulants!* The last is where many fellows err unthinkingly.

Your choice of a hot drink at meal-times may be all wrong, for instance. The average cup of coffee contains from 1½ to 3 grains of a dangerous drug stimulant called caffeine. Caffeine is a great enemy of the nervous system, often causing sleeplessness, indigestion and headaches. Not much chance of building up endurance when you drink coffee!

But a hot mealtime drink is beneficial and enjoyable. Try *Postum!* In millions of American homes boys drink it every day, for its healthfulness and its delicious flavor.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted, with a little sweetening. Instant *Postum*, made with hot (not boiled) milk instead of the usual boiling water, is one of the finest, most nourishing drinks in the world.

Give *Postum* a thirty-day trial. Your grocer has it—or if you wish, we will send you, free, one week's supply. Just mail the coupon below.

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THIS BU WORLD

Who's Who in China

The recent fighting in China has settled nothing, and the political future of the country is as uncertain as ever. General Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general," has maintained his grip on Peking, and Chang Tso-lin has regained his grip on Mongolia. But neither general has increased his prestige. Indeed, it is reported that General Feng's officers are very critical of his conduct during the recent campaign and believe that they saved the day for him, when his own indecision threatened to lead to disaster. Feng has announced his determination to retire from public life,—which does not necessarily mean anything,—and we learn also that he has set out for Russia, where he means to study the conditions that exist under soviet rule. Hardly anyone believes that Feng is the man to unite all China, any more than Chang is. Of all the older generals Wu Pei-fu, who controls central China, is the most likely to do that; but there is a wide feeling among the younger Chinese that the old leaders must all be discarded. The Nationalist Central Committee, which is made up of intelligent young Chinese, who are interested in their country rather than in the fortunes of this or that ambitious tuchun, have called a national conference, which it hopes will lead to some definite steps toward national unity. The conference will certainly not be held in Peking, for, though that is the nominal capital, the government there is pitifully inadequate. It exercises no influence beyond two or three of the northern provinces and is the spoil of whichever tuchun happens for the moment to have the best army.

What Goes on in Congress

The new Republican organization in the House of Representatives is functioning with an efficiency that reminds us of the days of Reed or Cannon. Speaker Longworth is exercising more control over legislation than any Speaker for fifteen years, and bills are being pushed through with expedition. Mr. Longworth has publicly declared that the House must regain its old influence on legislation, especially on revenue legislation. For a decade at least the Senate has extended its powers as against both the President and the House of Representatives, and the new Speaker suggests that the Executive and the House must make common cause to regain their proper authority in the government. To his challenge the Senate has as yet made no reply. It is acting with its accustomed deliberation and carrying on its discussions with its accustomed indifference to the subject actually before it. The Democratic Senators have begun a campaign for widespread investigation, evidently hoping to uncover facts that will help their party in the approaching Congressional elections. They have already introduced a resolution to

inquire into the conduct of the Attorney-General's office toward the Aluminum Company of America,—in which Secretary Mellon is a large stockholder,—which the Trade Commission has accused of being a persistent violator of the antitrust laws, and another to go into the proceedings of the Tariff Commission, which, the Democratic Senators believe, is helping to keep the tariff rates at an unjustifiable level. Opposition to high protection is a traditional principle of the Democracy of which we have not heard much in late years; but it is apparent that the Democratic leaders intend to revive it again. Opposition to the World Court in the Senate is stiffening, and the prospect is that there will be a long and perhaps a dilatory debate before the subject can be brought to a vote. Some observers think it cannot be voted on this session unless the Senate agrees to a resolution closing all debate.

Mussolini on Democracy

The Italian premier has never pretended to be a friend to democracy. Every step he has taken in the reorganization of Italy has been a step away from democratic suffrage and parliamentary government, until he is now a virtual dictator, supported by the armed Fascist militia. In a recent interview he declares that democracy, since it is invariably wasteful, inefficient and undisciplined, is impossible for Italy, a state poor in material resources and crowded with a steadily increasing population. In the United States, he went on, a democratic government is feasible because the nation's tremendous endowment of natural riches permits a huge and constant waste of its energies and its wealth. But Italy, poor and overcrowded, cannot afford such a régime. The nation must be organized like a militia under steady discipline. Nothing can be wasted; energy must be economized and directed; not a single battle can be lost. Such is Mussolini's *apologia* for his political course.

Did Civilization Begin in Brazil?

A gallant British officer, who is also an experienced explorer, Col. P. H. Fawcett by name, has just disappeared into the forests and jungles of tropical South America, in search of what he believes are the ruins of the first of human civilizations. It is his theory that mankind first established civilized institutions on the plateaus of the Matto Grosso, south of the Amazon River in Brazil, and he confidently expects to return with discoveries "more important than anything ever revealed in Egypt or in Greece." Few scholars, if any, agree with him that South America was the cradle of civilization, but there may be some extraordinary things buried in the unexplored Matto Grosso. It is conceivable that the origins of Maya and Inca civilization, at least, will be found there.



Election

January 14, 1926

Here follow the names of the first elected Members and Associate Members of the Y. C. Lab. Each of them has submitted satisfactory evidence of his skill and interest. The bronze button awarded to each of them is shown above. To apply for Associate Membership, use the coupon at the foot of this column; it will bring a convenient form to be filled out.

MEMBERS

1. F. WILLIAM BANG,
121 Newtonville Ave., Newtonville, Mass.
Elizabethan Galleon, Toy Theatre
2. CLIFFORD O'CONNELL,
239 Beale St., Wollaston, Mass.
Electric Lamp
3. VINCENT NELSON,
121 Beale St., Wollaston, Mass.
Remodeled Ford Car
4. HERBERT SAWYER,
Clay and Hancock Sts., Wollaston, Mass.
Hand-Lettered Sign
5. HENRY A. MORSE, JR.,
St. George's School, Newport, R. I.
Motor Boat
6. EARLE H. BRYANT, Deerfield, Mass.
Remodeled Ford Car
7. ALBERT F. BIRD,
86 Myrtle St., Somerville, Mass.
Model of Clipper Ship "Staghound"
8. DON EMERY,
Converted Sewing Machine

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

- EUGENE STONE, HOWARD CRANNELL, PAUL BULGER, HARRY GILLIS, Luzerne, N. Y.
Reconstruction, Y. C. Lab No. 2
- DONALD KEENE, LAVERNE EATON, RALPH OLSON, ALBERT EATON, BRUCE OLSON, Mankato, Mich.
Construction of Gymnasium
- DONALD ARANT,
Box 56, Forest Grove, Oregon
Combination Safe
- FLOYD AVERY, Woodstock, N. H.
Radio Table
- RUSSELL BALTHIS, JR.,
Green Mt. Falls, Colorado
Broom Holder
- KARL BEYER, JR.,
819 First St., Henderson, Ky.
Radio Telegraph
- FRANK BIRKETT,
202 E. Second St., Homer, Illinois
Book Rack
- HARRY L. BODKIN,
534 E. Alleghany Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Model Airplane Assembly
- WILLIAM M. BREAZEALE,
236 Montgomery St., New Brunswick, N. J.
Circuit Breaker
- CARLETON D. BROWN,
23 Burleigh St., Waterville, Maine
Water Motor
- THOMAS BROWN, Perry, Maine
Bird House
- CARROLL BUCKLEY,
Edisto Academy, Seivern, S. C.
Book Ends
- ALVIN CAMPBELL,
Box 135, Burdett, Alberta, Canada
Model Steam Turbine
- PHILIP CAREY,
17 Seaver St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.
String Reel
- BILLY CECIL,
3524 Forest Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Tabouret
- FRANKLIN CHRISTIE,
292 South Broadway, Nyack, N. Y.
Christmas Tree Lighting Circuit Blinker
- HARLAND CISNEY, Madelia, Minn.
Tabouret
- STEPHEN CRUM, Scobey, Montana
Model Sloop
- ANTONIA DAL PIAZ,
R. 4, Box 161, Stockton, California
Handy Cart

(Continued in 4th column)

The Director, Y. C. Lab,
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name
Address

THE Y. C. LAB



THE Eleventh Weekly Award of \$5.00 goes to Don Emery, 240 Congress Ave., Chelsea, Mass., who is a good workman as well as Athletic Director of the Big Brother Club. You have probably heard him from Station WEEI, Boston. "I took a dilapidated sewing machine," he says, "and replaced the head with an emery wheel, securing it with wooden wedges. With this, I have kept my mother's knives in condition, and have sharpened my own tools." With the money from the award, Member Emery is experimenting with the attachment of a circular saw.

The Society Holds Its First Election

THE most interesting day, so far, in the history of the Y. C. Lab was the first election of Members and Associate Members on January 14, 1925. This meeting was held at the Engineers' Club of Boston; present: the Director, Governors, and Messrs. Shumway, Young, Townsend and Frenz of the Councilors. More than a hundred letters of application were considered and voted upon. The Society insists upon exact compliance with the conditions laid down in its circular, called "Form for Election of Associate Members," which is mailed on request to all boys who desire to join.

In brief, the applicant must be eighteen or less; he must inclose with his application an example (sketch or photograph and description) of his skill and interest in working with tools, machines or laboratory apparatus. And this example—while it can be very simple—should bear some evidence of original thought. Not every boy, by any means, can join the Y. C. Lab. Membership confers high privileges of an educational and financial as well as scientific nature.

With great pleasure the officers of the Society elected eight full Members and sixty-six Associate Members. Their names appear in the adjoining columns, with a note of the project by which each one qualified. The Secretary was instructed to send out letters of notification of election and bronze buttons to these boys.

It was reported that the official ribbon, which is made to order, will be ready shortly.

Voted, to hold the second election on February 19, and to ask all boys who have not duly qualified themselves to submit complete data before that day.

The Director and Governors expressed themselves as particularly impressed by the projects that show original thought and inventive ability, and instructed the Secretary to ask all Associate Members to submit photographs, if possible, for consideration among future \$5.00 Weekly Awards. It was voted that Associate Members may at any time be raised to full membership. Each Councilor expressed his satisfaction with the number

and caliber of the mechanical and scientific questions received. Such questions are to be addressed to The Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston.

ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY

Councilor Shumway, in charge of Y. C. Lab No. 1, which was built by the Members themselves at 33 Prospect Ave., Wollaston, Mass., is at work with them on "Cinderella," whose extraordinary true fairy tale appears elsewhere in this issue. Minor projects include an old-fashioned swinging sign for the offices of The Youth's Companion, a small telephone table that boys can easily build, and daily tests of tools and apparatus submitted by various manufacturers.

Councilor Frenz is collecting data for a future page on A Home Zoological Garden, including houses (not cages), runways and proper care of such native animals as raccoons, foxes, ground hogs and bears.

Councilor Blakely is building, with the boys at the St. George's School workshop, Newport, R. I., a fifteen-foot hydroplane from plans and knockdown parts supplied by Cliff Padgett, Quincy, Ill., designer of the very successful "Miss Quincy." This boat will be powered with a Star, Chevrolet or new Continental Van Blerck motor.

Councilor Magoun, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has kindly supplied a description of the novel method of construction of the model yacht "Beaver." Members of the Y. C. Lab have the privilege of access to the Clark Collection of Marine Prints at M. I. T., and to the Naval Architecture Library of the Institute, which supplies photostatic reproductions of plans and prints at nominal cost. The Marine Museum at the Institute is worthy of a visit by every reader of The Youth's Companion, when in Boston, and Mr. Magoun is available to answer questions from Y. C. Lab Members by mail.



This toy helicopter, shown here in the hands of Member Sawyer, consists of a spindle, a spool, a tin propeller and a string. A stud holds the propeller to the spool while power is applied for flight. Experiment with two-blade, three-blade and multivane propellers; theoretically, the two-blade propeller is the most efficient.

Questions should always be addressed to The Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. They will be referred to the Councilors best qualified to reply to them. Inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Election

(Continued)

- R. REESE DAGUE, R. 1, Box 63, Newman, Illinois
Marble Bridge
- NORMAN EASTMAN,
1814 Gerrard St., Toronto, Ont., Canada
Tie Rack
- ECKLEY ENGLER,
1231 So. Market St., Nanticoke, Pa.
Pantograph
- SEYMOUR J. FEATHERS,
R. 1, Box 152, Clackamas, Oregon
Martin House
- RALPH FISHER, R. R. 2, Mullin, Texas
Dash Light Attachment
- HOWARD FOGEL,
R. F. D. 56, Sharpsville, Pa.
Whisk Broom Holder
- ORVILLE C. FOLEY,
689 S. Jefferson St., Martinsville, Indiana
Basketry
- WILFRED FRAZEE, Leaburg, Oregon
Game Board
- MARVIN GOLDBERG,
Center Moriches, Long Island, N. Y.
Model Airplane
- ROBERT GOSS,
R. F. D. 1, Box 23, Martinsville, Indiana
Radio Set
- EDWIN GUMESON,
517 Baker St., Longmont, Colorado
Footstool
- HAROLD HAGEN,
418 N. Fifth Ave., Sandpoint, Idaho
Telegraph Instrument
- WILLIAM E. HELTZEL,
R. R. 3, Akron, Indiana
Re-wiring Bell System
- DONALD HERRERA, Randallstown, Md.
Sled
- GERALD HILD, Arcadia, Wisconsin
Martin Houses
- GILBERT HINES, Fairbury, Ill.
Windmill
- FRANK HODGDON,
Carver St., South Portland, Maine
Radio Set
- JOHN A. LIPPITT, Meadville, Mo.
Pile Driver
- KENNETH LONG, Goshen, Indiana
Airplane
- MAURICE LONG, Goshen, Indiana
Airplane
- FRANK MARBLE, Leland, Miss.
Radio Set
- ROBERT H. MILLER, Greenville, Ohio
Work Bench
- DOUGLAS MOORE,
1409 S. Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Home-made Vise
- THOMAS PARTRIDGE, Crescent City, Fla.
Drill, from Spare Parts
- GILES PEARCY,
R. R. 5, Box 118, Martinsville, Indiana
Radio Set
- DAN PFAFF, Underwood, N. D.
Power System
- ROYAL P. PIHL,
1367 Lawrence St., Lowell, Mass.
Model of Schooner "Bowdoin"
- WILLIAM H. PULLY, Wooddale, N. C.
26-room Bird House
- WILFRED RASMUSSEN, Brunswick, Nebraska
Wall Light
- JOHANNES REICHAARDT, JR.,
R. R. 1, Morrison, Mo.
Tool & Nail Chest
- F. JOSEPH SCHWARTZER,
262 E. Market St., York, Pa.
Gun Cabinet
- LAURENCE SHERWOOD,
9 Hawthorne Road, Bronxville, N. Y.
Calendar Holder
- MORRIS SILVER,
215 Center St., Newberg, Oregon
Prune Drier
- C. ARTHUR SMITH, Wycombe, Pa.
Chicken House
- CORTLAND V. SMITH,
R. R. 3, Marion Center, Pa.
2-colony Wren House
- JOHN TURNER,
Box 24, Ewen, Michigan
Work Bench
- WILLIAM L. WALLACE,
218½ Franklin St., Butler, Pa.
Stand
- ANTON WATKINS,
674 Church St., Easton, Pa.
Handy Craftsman Magazine
- HARVEY WILKS, Brownwood, Texas
Underground Clubhouse
- LAWTON D. WOLF,
36 Model Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Inkstand

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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Things We Talk About

THE SEAL HUNTER, as you find him in George Allen England's exciting serial which begins this week, takes his life in his hands. This is not a story of seal-hunting, however, but a story of perilous adventure on the ice floes. If you can imagine a more desperate place for two boys to be lost in—but your imagination will have full play, as you follow the story from week to week.

The whole subject of hunting is one on which people do not agree. Lively discussion should be aroused by Mr. Edward W. Frenz's article, on another page, about the most extraordinary hunt ever undertaken by civilized men. Nobody who looks at the wonderful pictures of wild zebras and gnus on the cover of this week's Companion could wish to have any of them killed in the name of sport. But the tiger is a different kind of customer. Would you face him, with only a bow and arrow in your hand? Even if you knew that Mr. Stewart Edward White, a first-rate rifle shot, was somewhere in the background—how would you feel when the tiger charged? The man who has courage

enough to do it deserves to be called a sportsman of the highest type.

In general, remember that a live squirrel is much more interesting than a dead one; and if you must have a dead squirrel, it is not very fair to shoot at him with a gun. Try a bow and arrow for a while; and you can always write to Mr. Frenz for information about making them, or can wait for an article about them which he is preparing at our request. Meanwhile, use your camera. A good print of a deer, squirrel or any other wild creature will last longer and give you more permanent satisfaction than the pelt of the animal. If you can get a really good picture of a wild moose or elk or caribou, for instance, you will have something that does infinite credit to your woodcraft and sportsmanship.

"WHEN I WAS A CHILD," writes Mrs. Annie Lowry, of Mount Pleasant, Texas, "The Youth's Companion was my companion; when I married and had children, it was theirs. Now I want my grandchildren to have it. Only the other day I heard a lady of rare intelligence remark that the young person who reads The Youth's Companion 'will never like trashy literature.' Trashy literature is the most fatal enemy of the mind, and nobody of real intelligence ever gives a minute to it. Trashy books and magazines always settle into the hands of people who aren't going anywhere—and who know it. To waste time on them is to surrender all hope of real progress and happiness.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE LETTER is from Mrs. George White, of Wellesley Hills, Mass. "I have been a subscriber for seventy years or more," she writes. "I am seventy-five years old and have had The Companion for myself since childhood, and then for all my children, and now for my grandchildren. I wonder if you have a subscriber older than myself?"

And from Mrs. C. B. Scott, of Silver Spring, Md., comes another reminder of the Companion's interest for the families that have always had it. "I want to congratulate you on your Hundredth Anniversary," she writes. "When I was a little girl I read it; I am now in my seventy-eighth year and have never lost my love for The Companion. My dear old mother was a little girl of seven when it started. Last year I subscribed until 1927. I wish you success always; you can't make the paper better."

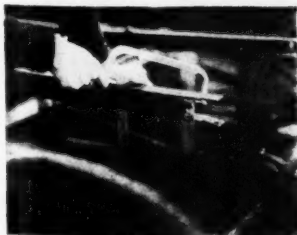
Cinderella

Chapter II

THE new life suits me. I never was in the midst of such a congenial family before. It's lucky for me, too, because the operations I am going through are terrifying. Imagine having part of your anatomy sawed off (five inches of it). These boys of Y. C. Lab No. 1 aren't dressmakers; they're surgeons.

After they had made me clean, or as clean as a car can be, they started to do this—er—destruction of a chassis I'd call it. It seems I was too high in the air. Funny. Out where I was born I never heard any complaints as to my being too tall. We're all alike, just so big everywhere. But I guess the idea is to make me long and low, like a pirate craft of old. I could tell them something about this. If they get me too low, the bottom of my transmission case is going to hit a thank-you-marm some day and then trouble will start for Cinderella, not to mention her friends of the moment. Heaven knows we can run on little or nothing but, we do have to have oil. And if a bump in the road hits my transmission case at fifty miles an hour—the road gets the oil.

The boys took a hack saw and began cutting into the back of my chassis, right along the top edge. I stood it for ten minutes, and



Surgery on Cinderella

then they hit a nerve, I guess, because the saw blade broke. Good! But it was no use; they had some more blades, and they were soon at it again.

And I forgot to mention that previous to this painful indignity they chopped off all my rear frame rivets with a chisel and a hammer. Rivets that were put in to stay. Well, it's all in the good cause of beauty, I suppose, so I mustn't complain.

I wish to goodness I knew what I was going to look like. Seems to me that one who has to endure such an amount of drilling and sawing and mauling ought to be informed as to one's ultimate sartorial effect. But, candidly, I don't think they know exactly what I'm going to look like when I am done. There is a good deal of what I've heard called "skull practice."

"This is my idea," remarked one of the boys. "There ought to be a big long pipe running along outside for the exhaust. As long as the car itself."

"Yes," replied another. "I know a girl who went riding in a car with one of those pipes on the side, and she put her hand on it when she went to get out and got burned."

"How about mud guards?"

"Speedsters, real ones, don't have them. It would look a lot more like a track racer with no guards."

"And have the mud flying up into one ear and out the other. We ought to have some kind of a guard, just to keep off the slush."

"And the radiator. How about that? That old radiator shell has no speed. It looks like a hundred-yard-dash man wearing overshoes at a fast meet. Let's make a V-shaped one out of sheet brass or something—like those Italian and French cars."

And a lot more of such talk. Still, if they make me into the best-looking boys' car in America, I'll ask no more.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Jimmy McHugh's not so dense
When he picks out his gum
he has sense!
He says with a grin
As he wipes off his chin
"Gimme Black Jack - that
flavor's immense!"



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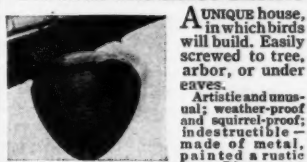
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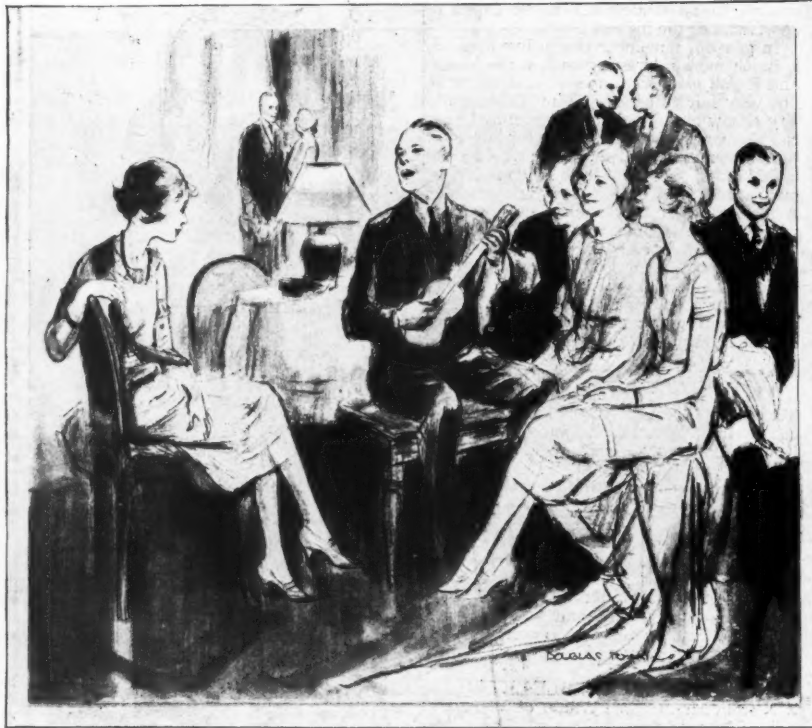
ARE you a girl who feels shy about meeting strangers? Are you timid in company? There is nothing very terrible about being either of these things, and they are more becoming to a young girl than too much boldness and overconfidence. Still, all of us are happier to feel at ease, so that we can make others feel that way. And we wish to overcome self-consciousness, which sometimes causes people to misunderstand us and think we are less friendly than we intend to be.

Here is the trouble with self-conscious people. They are always thinking of the impression they are going to make, wondering what those they meet think of them, and how they can shine in others' company. Their thoughts are all taken up with fears about themselves, so they have no room for thoughts about the person or persons they happen to be with, and what will interest them.

It is no use saying to yourself, "I am going to stop being self-conscious. I am not going to think about myself." The only way to get those interfering thoughts out is to get hold of some others strong enough to push them out of the way.

Suppose you have to take part in your school programme, perhaps read a poem or play a piano solo, and you shrink from doing it because you feel that every eye will be upon you and every mind ready to criticize you. You feel shaky. But if you think instead of the importance of the thing you are going to do,—how stirring is the poem you are going to read or how beautiful the piece you are going to play,—you will forget about yourself in thinking of the pleasure you hope and expect to give the listeners.

Perhaps you are going to a party of some kind. You arrive and take off your wraps and then go to speak to your hostess and her daughter. There are many people in the room, few of whom you know, except Robert Wade and his sister, Phoebe, in a far corner. Are you going to be uncomfortable imagining that all the groups will stop talking to look at you? No. You will say to yourself, "Oh, there is Edith. How charming she looks. I am glad to see her, and it was sweet of her mother to want me to come this afternoon." You are thinking of greeting your friends, and if any one notices you as you go forward to speak to them you do



DRAWING BY DOUGLAS RYAN

Poise Instead of Shyness

By ELEANOR BOYKIN

not realize it. As a matter of fact, we are not so important as we often think.

When you are in a crowd and there is general conversation, think of what is being said. You will find it more interesting than worrying about yourself. When you meet a stranger, think of what may possibly interest that person. In this way you will show your friendliness, and the person will respond by liking you. Then there will be an atmosphere that will send self-consciousness bounding away, and you can be your natural self, which is your most charming self.

Remember this: most of the people you meet want to like you as much as you want them to. We all like to find friends, but sometimes people do not let us see their real selves, because they are hiding behind a mask of wanting to appear something they are not. That always puts a person at a dis-

advantage, while being less beautiful than Elsie Ferguson or less rich than Miss Vanderbilt does not.

There is this sort of mental nervousness,—being afraid of not appearing well,—and there is a purely physical nervousness, both of which keep people from being well poised. Fidgety, nervous habits that annoy others can be overcome by learning how to relax. Do not let yourself grow into the practice of tapping on your desk with your pencil or playing with beads or a tie you are wearing or arranging your hair every few minutes. When you find yourself doing one of these things, stop and relax all over. This does not mean to slump your body, but to imagine you are at complete rest and to release the tension in your arms and legs. Try sometimes sitting with your hands in your lap doing absolutely nothing, except thinking some soothing line like Emerson's "A lady

Poise, which contributes much to charm, comes easily to people who do not think of themselves

is always serene; a gentleman never makes a noise," or "I am myself with yesterday's seven thousand years," from the Rubaiyat.

The great foe of poise is haste. It is hurrying feverishly to move or speak that makes us often do clumsy and awkward things and bungle introductions. We are prone to act before we think and know what we are going to do.

Suppose you go into an office to interview one of your teachers. If you stop at the door a moment and see just where she is in the room and what is the best way to get there, you will not be likely to stumble over the threshold or bump into a chair or desk, any one of which may happen if you do not look ahead to see where you are going. If you are about to introduce two people, there need not be such a flutter about it that you haven't time to think whose name you are going to say first and avoid blundering confusion.

Poise contributes a great deal to charm, but it is not everything. Another important part of charm is personality, the essence of a person's character that distinguishes him or her from every other person. We cannot put it on like the Invisible Cloak of the Arabian Nights or the liquid that polishes furniture; it grows out of our thought and experience.

The shortest receipt for developing personality is summed up in the expression that we have heard so much lately—"Be yourself." Cultivate your own tastes and feelings; don't imitate those of others. Learn and observe, so that you can give out something to other people, something of your very own. If you like tennis and swimming, go in for these sports. If you don't like dancing, don't worry because that is some girls' way of having a good time. If you enjoy reading, don't let people dissuade you from doing it because they have a better time in the movies.

Another source of personality is living fully. The world is all round you, to be seen and enjoyed. What do you find most interesting? Will you let it go by you as if it meant nothing? If you do, you will have only a drab, pale personality. But if you live with zest, you will find life full and rich and overflowing with treasures that you can give others.

FROM GIRL TO GIRL

Real Letters from Real Girls

HERE are some more of your Christmas Money Contest Letters. I have had such a good time reading them that I want to have ever so many more contests and get ever so many more letters.

What sort of contest would you like to have next? The joke letters will be published within a few weeks—and then we'll start a brand-new one. Be sure and write me what kind of a contest you would like.

Hazel Grey

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington St., Boston

Underhill, Vermont
Dear Hazel Grey:

I am a little girl twelve years old and live on a farm. There are lots of chances on a farm to earn money.

My brother and I earned money by picking potato beetles off the early potatoes before they had a chance to lay their eggs and destroy the vines. Papa paid us ten (10) cents a bottle.

Then during haying papa hired me to rake around the fences and fruit trees at ten (10) cents a job.

Later in the fall I gathered and sold crab apples at (\$1) one dollar a bushel and butternuts at (\$2) two dollars a bushel.

I also ran errands for a neighbor and earned a quarter that way.

You see it is easy enough for girls or boys who live in the country to earn money if they are willing to work.

MARION E. MEAD

Aztec, New Mexico
Dear Hazel Grey:

About the middle of August all the crops in our part of the country were very short. My sister, who was thirteen, and myself, fifteen, were lying on the bed in front of an open window, reading, when mother came

in and said, "I don't know how we are going to make both ends meet this year. We will have to help all we can. You will have to earn your own Christmas money, girls."

What could we do in the country? No one could afford to pay for work done, even if there were something to do. Finally my sister sat up and said, "Why couldn't we be janitor when school starts? The teacher last year, you know, paid Billy Howe two dollars and a half."

When the teacher came we were the first to ask for the job. We told her what we wanted the money for, and she said, "I will pay your last before the month is out, so you won't be short." That was something we hadn't thought about, but it helped us out a lot.

MARTHA HAVER

Berkeley, California

Dear Hazel Grey:

During the summer vacation I watered a neighbor's garden for her. She has a big beautiful garden that requires one hour's watering a day. I earned five dollars at one dollar a week.

We take the Berkeley Gazette, in which there is a club. Any girl or boy whose parents take the paper may join it. Members of it obtain credits by writing stories or poems or sending riddles or jokes.

When a member gets twenty credits he has his choice of one dollar or a book written by the editor of the club. I have always

chosen the dollar prize and have received six dollars in this way.

The third way I earned my Christmas money was by helping my mother with the housework for twenty-five cents a week.

Then two girl friends and I edited a magazine that we called Driftwood. We only had one edition and made twenty-five copies, which we sold to our school friends. It was a lot of work, as we had to use a mimeograph roll and rub each copy out. But we had a lot of fun and experience, and I made nearly two dollars as well.

Sincerely,

VESTA NICKERSON

Nicholasville, Kentucky.

Dear Hazel Grey:

I am a little girl 11 years old, and I live in a nice little town by the name of Nicholasville.

The way I made some money to buy my Christmas gifts this year is: Mr. Ed. Veach, of Lexington, requested me to make a list of the professional men and business firms of Nicholasville, Ky. I did so and received \$1; so that will help out in buying my Christmas gifts.

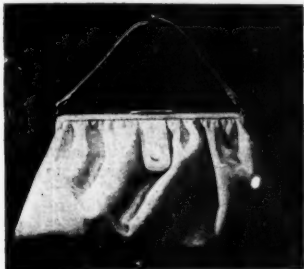
Your friend,

ELEANOR LATIMER



Important Odds and Ends

SEE what a lot of shopping I have been doing for you! Gloves and jewelry and scarfs and handkerchiefs and a pocketbook. They are all pretty, too. The little vanity case took my eye at once. It has a sort of arrangement inside that makes it convenient to use your own face powder, which sifts through to your powder puff, and you don't have to be forever buying a new compact. It is made of silver and has a little square on the top where you can have your initial engraved



if you want to be really dressy. It comes for a dollar and a half.

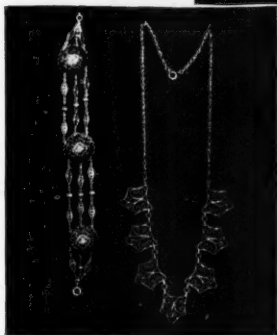
And these gloves. Washable kid with the new painted cuff that is going to be one of the spring novelties. They cost four dollars, and feel sure they are well made, so that they won't pull out at the thumbs like the last gloves I bought.



That flower at the left is really stunning, and gardenias are going to be awfully good this spring. This one is bright orange, but it comes in all colors and costs seventy-five cents.

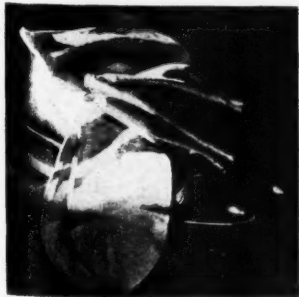
The pocketbook is the most expensive of all. It is seven-fifty, but it was so good-looking I couldn't resist showing it to you anyway. It is a reproduction of the Chanel bags that sell for about sixteen. It is made of imported saffian leather in the new shapes that will be good for spring.

And stockings! Of course nobody could leave stockings out of a group of accessories. It was Mary Hannah that thought of them, though. They are all silk, full fashioned, one-eighty-five.



The scarf is a beauty. Mary Hannah helped me pick it out, and, as you know, she has awfully good taste. It is a Mallinson silk scarf in mulberry with an attractive design in cream and red and gray and black. There is a deep fringe on both ends. It costs six-fifty.

Then the silver necklace. And the bracelet! We spent hours, I think, at the jewelry counter at Filene's here in Boston picking out things that we thought you might like to order. The necklace is imported and costs only two dollars. It is handmade filigree. The bracelet is in filigree too, but it costs two dollars and a half. I like the necklace better.



I hope you will like my shopping list! If you should want to send for any of these things, make out your money order to me, and I will ask Filene's to send them to you. Be sure to tell me what color you want them in, and if you want gloves or stockings or things like that don't forget to tell me your size.

So many of you are writing about the fashions, and I am glad. I hope you all like them as well as the people who have written to tell me so, but what I am most interested to have you write about is your individual problem. The most fun of all is working with you on something that is really troubling you. Write to me, and please remember the stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Hayes Jones

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

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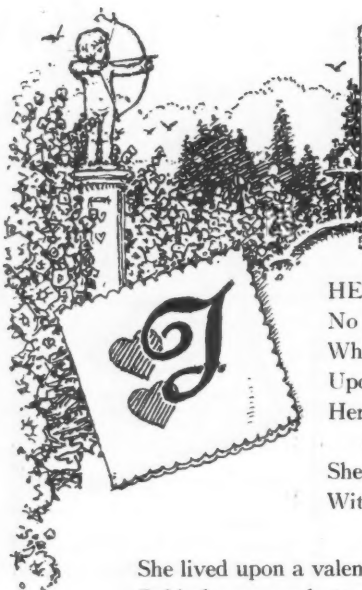
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Valentine People

by Rowena Bastin Bennett
For the Children's Page



*It really
would have
done no harm*

HERE was a lovely ladykin,
No bigger than a minute,
Who sat and played a minuet
Upon a tiny spinet;
Her hair was powdered
white as snow,
She wore a dress of long ago
With satin flowers in it.

One day there came with skip
and hop
A laddie to the ten-cent shop
And bought the very valentine
Whereon the lovers seemed to pine.
He sealed it up, the reckless scamp,
And mailed it with a postage
stamp.

She lived upon a valentine
Behind a paper shutter,
And, though she played so
charmingly,

Her spinet did not utter
A single sound; but as she sat
Her heart was all aflutter,
For just outside her window
Stood a cavalier in yellow.

He was a very handsome and
A chivalrous young fellow.
He stood with tricorne hat
in hand

In attitude most charming
And listened to the music with
A rapture quite alarming,
Considering no music stirred
Except the soft repeating
Of his own heart, which played
a tune

In very rapid beating.
"Alas," thought he,
" 'tis blasphemy

To blame one's own creator,
And mine, a lady artist, too;
But truly, I do hate her!
To think that she should have the
heart
To paint us two so far apart!

It really would have done no harm
To draw the lady on my arm;
But there she is inside the folder,
And through the window I behold her
Yet cannot go and get acquainted;

My knees are far too
stiffly painted,
And it would be my own
undoing
Were I to shout my words
of wooing."

And so he stood with
pulses burning
The while the lady sat
in yearning,
And so they might have
stayed forever
If fate had not been quite
so clever.



DRAWINGS BY JOHN RAE



The postman took it to the gate
Of Mary Jane, a lass of eight.

You should have seen her two eyes shine
When she beheld that valentine;
And, being equal to her years,
She promptly went to fetch the shears.
Then, with a most triumphant shout,
She cut our lovely lady out.

Her mother sighed
and gently
told her
It was a shame
to spoil the
folder;
But Mary thought
it was no
folly



*She cut our
lovely lady
out*

To have so nice a paper dolly,
And straightway trimmed
the cavalier
(Her scissors just escaped his ear
And made some rather
awkward slips
Across his manly finger tips).
And, though this was of course
a trial,
He bore it with a beaming smile,
For now his barrier was scissored,
And Mary, like a knowing wizard,
The couple to her dolls' house
carried
And in great splendor had them
married;
And there they lived in love and
laughter,
A happy couple ever after!



The Bobbed Monkey

By E. W. Frenz

HERE once lived in India a poor but kind-hearted farmer who raised in his garden all the kinds of food that he and his family needed, and they would always have had enough if they could have kept away the animals.

The monkeys gave them the most trouble, for there were hundreds of them in the woods that came close on three sides of the garden, and even in the daytime the monkeys would come into the banana patch in families of twenty or thirty, always made up of one old monkey, who was the head of the family, and of a great number of relatives—wives and brothers and sisters and children and nieces and nephews; and whenever such a family got into the garden they broke branches from the trees and trampled the young plants underfoot, so that they destroyed more than they ate.

But the farmer was of a people that think it is wrong to kill any animal, no matter how much harm it may do; so he felt that he must find some way to keep the monkeys from his garden without killing them. For many years he had studied their ways and had learned much about them; so one day he decided to try a plan that he thought might save his garden without killing any of the monkeys.

Taking a spade from the house, he went to a spot some twenty feet away from the trunk of a big tree. There he dug a hole about a foot wide and eighteen inches deep. Then he took a long rope, no thicker than a clothes-line, but very strong; and in one end of it he made a slip noose large enough so that when he laid it on the ground it went all the way round the hole, as a tire goes round the rim of a wheel. The other end of the rope he carried to the trunk of the big tree. Next he got three bananas. Two of them he put in the hole; the skin of the other one he laid on the ground near the edge. Then he hid behind the big tree with the end of the rope in his hand.

The Monkeys Watched

All this time the monkeys had been watching from the tree-tops and talking among themselves; and as soon as it was still they began to climb nearer and nearer, the old monkey always in the lead, now and then scolding and driving back some of the younger members of the family that he thought were too bold. At last, one by one, they dropped from the lower branches of the trees into the garden, where they squatted, close together, while the old monkey went ahead to see if everything was safe. He knew, of course, that the man was still there behind the tree, but he was well used to seeing men, and so long as they did not get too near him he did not mind them. Besides, this man was sitting perfectly still, and not even looking toward him. "Probably he is asleep," thought the monkey.

So he began to look about, and in a moment his eye fell upon the banana skin. He hopped a little nearer, and, seeing that the man did not move, he stretched out one paw to it. "Hal Empty!" he said to himself and threw

it down; but he was now near enough to the edge of the hole to see the two bananas at the bottom. "That is better," he thought, and reached down the whole length of his arm to get one; but before he could lay his fingers to it something gripped him by the arm and began to drag him toward the big tree. He screamed and scolded and caught at the grass, but it was of no use. Nearer and nearer to the tree the terrible rope dragged him, till his shoulder bumped against the rough bark. Here at last, he felt, was something solid to cling to, so he threw his arms round the trunk and held on.

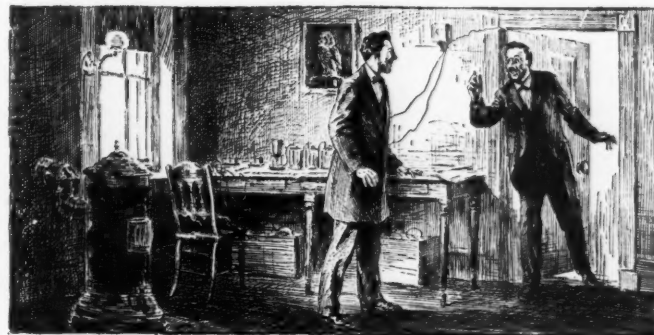
But the man was not now there at the tree; he was far out beyond it, still holding the end of the rope; and as the monkey clung fast to the tree the man began to run round and round both him and the tree, keeping the rope always tight, until the monkey, before he knew what was happening, found himself fast to the tree.

There Came Soap and Water

Then from the house came running the farmer's sons and many of his neighbors, and with them they brought a basin of water and soap and a brush and a razor; and, laughing a great deal as they worked, they lathered the monkey's face and the whole of his head and shaved it as bare as a boiled egg. When they had finished they unwound the rope and turned him loose.

As he started toward the other monkeys—the members of his family, who had been watching and chattering from a distance—the old monkey, too, began to jabber something that probably meant, "Well, I was certainly lucky that time! It didn't hurt a bit. We don't want their old bananas, anyway. I know where there are some better ones." But the members of his family, as soon as they caught sight of his head, set up a great screaming and began to scramble away; and when he ran after them, calling, "Don't you know me? Don't you know your own husband and father and uncle?" they shouted back, "Go away! We never saw you before!" "The idea of such a looking thing as that calling me his wife!" "And us his children!" "And us his nieces and nephews!" And the faster he ran after them the farther they kept away from him, and the more he tried to tell them that he was really the same monkey they had always known the more they laughed at him and called him names. And so before night they had gone so deep into the woods and so far away from the farmer's banana patch that they never found it again. To this day the people of that part of India use the same plan to keep the monkeys from their gardens, and some think that it was in that way that the fashion of bobbing the hair began.

WATCH for the third section of the Fairyland Map, coming next week!



From One Sentence To Millions

ON MARCH 10, 1876, a single sentence was heard over the telephone. Now, after half a century, 50,000,000 conversations are heard each day.

"Mr. Watson, come here; I want you," spoken by Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, was the first sentence.

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Bell's words, electrically transmitted over a wire, brought his assistant from another part of the building. And with his coming, the telephone became a dynamic factor in human affairs.

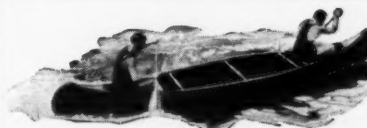
Since that first call untold millions of sentences have been heard over the telephone. Men have traveled vast distances in answer to its calls. The wheels of great industrial enterprises have turned at its commands. Everything that man can say to man has been carried to a distance over its wires and the thoughts and actions of nations have been influenced through its use.

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The New Freely-Lathering
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What the salespeople in New York's 12 great department stores recommend for cleansing delicate garments

THE saleswoman from whom you buy one of those perfectly enchanting new peach-bloom step-ins simply has to know how it should be washed. It is part of her job!

So, too, with the salespeople of stockings and sweaters and sports-wear and printed silks.

Very well, then—what soap do these intelligent salespeople in New York's 12 greatest stores recommend? We recently sent an unprejudiced young woman as a customer to ask them. Their answer? A veritable chorus of "Ivory Soap!" Other soaps were occasionally mentioned, but everywhere the conclusion was, "If you use Ivory, you need never worry."

Here are a few of the actual comments from several different stores:

"No complaints when Ivory is used"

LINGERIE DEPARTMENT

"The soap I recommend for all silk lingerie—especially fine imported things like this pale blue Belgian nightgown—is Ivory Flakes. Ivory won't fade such colors or streak the silk. It is just right. We never have complaints about things washed with Ivory."

"Best for silk stockings"

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT

"Ivory Soap suds are the best thing to use for silk stockings. I wouldn't wash anything so delicate as chiffon stockings in anything else."

"These gorgeous fringed shawls," said another saleswoman, "are made of a very fine quality of crêpe de chine. Don't use anything but Ivory to wash them with."

"Ivory keeps blankets soft and stuffy"

SALESMAN OF BLANKETS

"If you wash your blankets at home, use Ivory Soap. It is pure and mild and that is what you need to keep blankets from getting hard and stiff."

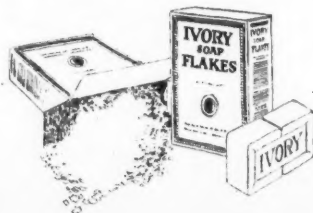
YOU have probably used Ivory for your face and hands and bath for years, so you know it is as pure and gentle as soap can be. Naturally, therefore, it is safe for your most fragile and precious garments. And with all its lovely purity, it is inexpensive enough to use for the general laundry, too—to save hands, fabrics and colors.

Today, Ivory means either cake or flakes—you use whichever is more convenient. Ivory Flakes—snow-white feathers of pure Ivory—makes rich, cleansing suds the moment hot water touches it, and can harm nothing which is safe in water alone.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

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A postcard addressed to Section 36-BF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio, will bring you without charge our 24-page illustrated booklet, *The Care of Lovely Garments*, and a sample of Ivory Flakes.



The conclusive test of a soap for fine garments:

Ask yourself:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"